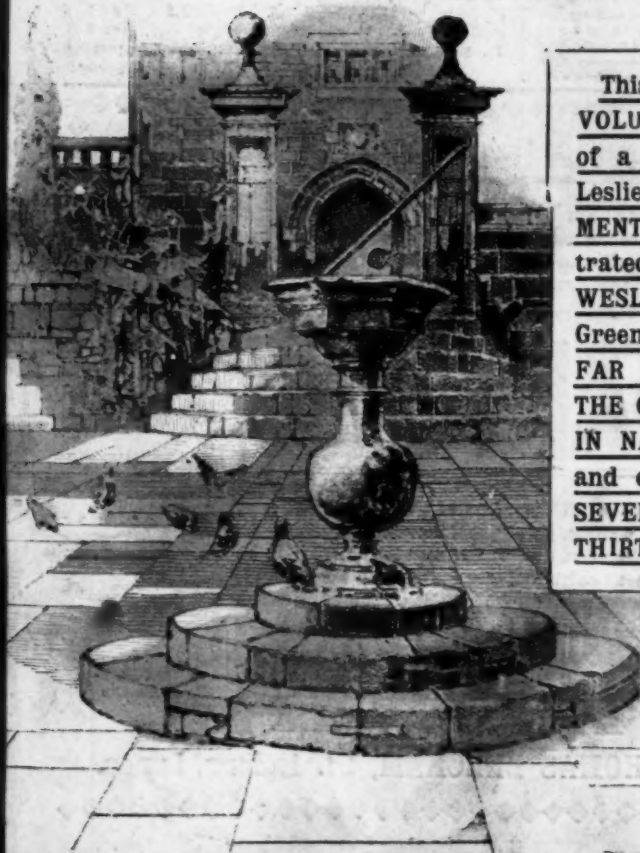


THE LEISURE HOUR

An Illustrated Magazine
for HOME READING



This Number is the first of a **NEW VOLUME**. It contains the first chapters of a New Serial, **THE DECEIVER**, by Leslie Keith; **IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT**, by Dr. Macnamara, M.P., illustrated by Harry Furniss; **JOHN WESLEY, EVANGELIST**, by Rev. R. Green; **THE LIVING MUMMIES OF FAR TIBET**, by Lieut.-Col. Waddell; **THE GRENADIER GUARDS: BYE-PATHS IN NATURE**; **SIR JOHN WOODBURN**; and other Articles and Stories; with **SEVENTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS**, and **THIRTY POUNDS in Prizes**.

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AND THINKING 'THIS WILL PLEASE HIM BEST,'
SHE TAKES A RIBAND OR A ROSE.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Canto VI.

Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, Canto VI.

ONE writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought;

O what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, 'here to-day,'
Or 'here to-morrow will he come.'

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking 'this will please him best,'
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her colour burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

The Deceiver

BY LESLIE KEITH

CHAPTER I.—THE RETURN

WHEN Verney Drake stepped out of the dingy Great Western carriage on to the platform at Monnowbridge, ten years of his life slipped from him like a discarded garment. Into the rolled-up bundle, so lightly cast aside, went India, Australia, Japan, America, the far isles of the sea. He was twenty-three again, dark, brooding, unhappy, sure that he had sucked life dry, and bent on barren exile because he loved Grania Harrison, and she had given herself to Oliver, his brother. He could not himself have told, perhaps, when his lamentation and despair ceased, and he began to perceive that instead of exhausting life he had scarcely yet sipped at the first of her bountiful springs; he knew now that he knew nothing (which is the beginning of wisdom), but one thing made a warmth about his heart and lifted him from the moody boy into the serene man; years since Grania had retired into the

right place in his perspective, and it was as of a brother going to a sister's welcome that he painted his return to the Leas.

The past with its inalienable charm took hold of him because, far as his own feet had wandered, the little town to which they led him back had stood still. The fiction spread on the bookstall opposite him as he alighted might represent the literary output of the day or the hour, but the man who sold it was the same who ten years previously had mocked his own broken romance with the consolation of a shilling "shocker" on his outset into space. The passengers, too, who had to change trains to reach distant homes in the winding valley, went across the light bridge that spanned the railway lines with the same old rush and hurry, the same distrustful dread of country-bred folk that the engine panting on the other side might bustle off before the appointed hour.

He followed more leisurely, and at the foot of the opposite staircase came abreast

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of an elderly porter, into whose rugged face, after a moment's hesitation, there flashed the light of recognition.

"Mr. Verney, sir! They do be saying in the town aboove as how you do be coming home."

"Yes, here I am, Williams, home at last!" He shook the man's big hand with warmth. "And good it is to meet an old friend at the very start. So they've been looking for me at the Bank? I suppose it's too late to find my brother there now?"

The porter consulted a Waterbury watch that emerged reluctantly from his waistcoat pocket. It is the pride of Monnow-bridge that every man there knows, to the last fine detail, the hours, habits, and movements of his fellow-citizens.

"I judge he do be gone to he's dinner this hour and more, Mr. Verney. But if it's a carriage to the Leas—"

"No, no," said Drake; "they don't expect me particularly to-day, and I prefer to walk. I've nothing but this"—he indicated a small Gladstone bag which he carried; "my luggage will very likely turn up to-morrow, and you can send it up to the house if it does."

He was out of the station before the news of his return had had time to spread, but already the home-going citizens were well upon their way over the mile or so that divided him from the little grey town, sheltered sweetly in the embrace of hill and wood; he had the dusk of the early spring night almost to himself. The shadows were falling further and yet further, the elbow of the river, like a stiff arm crooked to embrace the bank for which he eagerly looked out, shone like dim steel under the clear, starless sky. He knew just the gate at which to pause and look for it—that "view" that strangers so often missed—and the gate, as in his memory of it, still hung awry on one broken hinge! When he turned, the glow of day's departing fire in the west had struck upon the town windows and set them aflame. How often he had seen it all in distant swamps and jungles, in strange, crowded cities—that illumination that was to be his magnificent welcome home! He had a curious sense of happiness in the fulfilment of an oft-rehearsed vision. Even when he had liked to dwell upon it in those far countries he had never quite believed in it, never felt quite sure that it was not a dream of

the night. But it was true. This was Home. In the chief street of honour in the town, which he would presently skirt, there stood—the finest building there—the substantial private Bank his grandfather had founded and his father had lifted to a still higher level of prosperity. Drake and Son's Bank it had emerged from nothingness three generations ago, and Drake and Son's it still was, a goodly inheritance, handed down to Oliver, some day in turn to be bequeathed to his and Grania's boy. And beyond the Bank and the little wrinkled town, old with the burden of history, out in the freshness of the world being made young again, stood the Leas—the house where he was born; where, with intervals of school and college, he had lived till he was twenty-three; where his mother first, and then his father had died; where he had renounced his share of the Bank, as he had been forced to renounce his desire for love; and taking his fortune had gone the wanderer's way.

"I will stay a long while," he said to himself, drawing deep breaths of content; "I'll claim my citizenship; ten years! There are big arrears to make up. Perhaps Oliver will give me a berth in the Bank," he laughed lightheartedly. "If he's what he was, poor old Noll, my idleness must be a recurrent shock; he'll be eager to make me into a little success, a small copy of himself; he'll expect me to 'settle'—well, a man might do worse."

Dusk was almost dark by the time he reached the white gate and saw, black upon the fainter night, the long double line of pines, like monks pacing homewards, that led to the Leas. By Jove, how they had grown! Yet to his childish mind they had seemed to reach the stars, and to climb the biggest was to knock at the gate of heaven. He leaned upon the rail to inhale the resinous breath with all the memories it recalled. That glimmer of light at the far end, with a candle twinkling here and there, was the house. Would they give him his old room—the little one in the attic of the west wing, where a boy's head thrust out of the slanting window could command his whole kingdom of wood and water?

The avenue as he trod it was a bath of darkness and silence, but at the end, where the lawn began, the grey of departing day still lingered, and on the lawn a lady—very slim in a white dress—was walking, and while she walked with aimless steps she

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"IT'S YOUR OLD ROOM—YOUR GARRET!"

was humming softly, as if the content within needed an overflow.

That was Grania! His pulses leaped. How often he had wondered about her—

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wondered if her rare letters, dashed off carelessly, had the art to conceal the truth; wondered if she made them gay and light because she was unhappy? And here he was answered in the most convincing way a man could desire; Grania lingered among her flowers, with the spring in her step and its song on her lip. Oh, the fool, the idiot he had been to think that he could give her more than Oliver, that he could make life richer, fuller, of a finer flavour, lift it to higher uses as he had assured himself in his jealous, conceited youth! And while he had been wondering, and sometimes largely doubting, she had had everything all the while!

He crossed the grass; she turned quickly, peered at him, drew herself up and said sharply, with a note of alarm—

"Who is it?"

Then before he could reply, divination came to her, and she cried out joyfully—

"Is it—oh, yes, it is Verney!" She flung herself towards him with outstretched hands. "But why didn't you write? what made you come like—like——"

"A tramp?" he suggested; "well, and what else am I?"

"And all in the dark! And if you had only wired I'd have gone in the carriage to meet you, though one of the horses is lame and the other dead! And you came walking. Sneaking here in the dark as if you were nobody."

"I see what I've missed. Your horseless carriage would have been an irresistible hint; we might have been dragged home in triumph by a shouting mob of our fellow-citizens——"

"I meant to have fireworks—crackers and things. Boy has been just living for that. You knew of course that we had called him after you? You won't be ashamed of your namesake; he's splendid! You'll have to see him, if I wake him on purpose. And Oliver will be so glad. He's been talking every day of your coming; he's lived on it. We haven't many sensations in Monnowbridge, you know, and we've waited ten years for you!"

"Thank you, Grania; that's a better welcome than the fireworks."

"Come in," she said excitedly; "come to the light that I may see you—your voice is just the same; I dare say you're not a bit changed. You've seen and done so much, and that keeps people young. But you must expect to find us different; we've

had nothing to do but to grow old and sedate—and—we've done it!"

"I'm quite prepared for wrinkles and grey hairs."

"Oh, it's not quite so bad as that yet, but Oliver, poor boy, is positively turning bald!"

With a touch as they climbed the steps and entered the house she switched on the electric light, and the square hall with its antlers and framed engravings leaped into view. They stared smiling at each other in the dazzling brilliancy, the long, exploring look that takes account of the years and demands their history. He found her prettier than he even remembered her as a slip of a girl, her expression more serene, more assured, her eyes with all their charm of vivacity and gaiety, her mouth sweetly curved.

As she looked at him her mobile expression changed a little. "You *are* older," she said, "and thinner—too thin! Perhaps it's because you're so tanned." She examined again the lean, dark face, remarkable for nothing but the good expression of its deep-set eyes.

"Brown and battered!" he assented lightly. "That's the price of vagrancy. Wait till I wash off the stains of travel and get into new togs."

"But you must see Oliver first," she pleaded. "He doesn't even know you're here! Verney," she hesitated, "you don't know—you can't—what this is to him—to both of us—you're coming back; you weren't so very much to each other long ago, were you, with those years between you—the big boy and the little? But now you'll find how much Oliver has cared all along. It grows, you see, the family feeling. We've been shabby in our letters, and I think we've neither of us the knack of saying pretty things prettily, but we've missed you, and it's a happy day that brings you back!"

"My dear," he said, "you've done nothing but welcome me with every word and look; no exile ever had a kinder home-coming."

He could not suppose that she had lost any single pleasure through his absence, but he was grateful to her for the unaffected warmth of her reception; it had been so easy for her, in her entire absorption in husband and child, to forget his folly of long ago, and to give him, without a thought of self-consciousness, the brother's place.

"Then Oliver must do his part!" she

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said with renewed gaiety, "since you think that I've done mine!" and fled along a passage, calling her husband's name in her high, clear voice.

From some far-off corner—the smoking-room, Verney judged—a muffled "Yes" came back. Verney waited—he scarcely knew why—held back, perhaps, by the touch of ceremony with which Grania wished to invest his reception. Oliver was to come to him: perhaps he was even now being coached in his little speech of welcome, the speech he would never make. The traveller laughed inwardly. Of course Oliver would be glad to see him; the brotherly spirit had had time, as she had said, to develop since jealousy died—a long while since—out of both hearts; but he wasn't sentimental, poor old Noll, he couldn't make a flowery pronouncement if he had to starve for it; the grip of his hand might say a good deal, but his lips—still, perhaps, with the cigar between them—would compass no more than, "Well, here you are!"

And—"Yes, here I am!" as Verney mentally echoed, would express the measure of his content.

He waited a full minute, and then a door shut and Grania appeared again, her skirts softly rustling. She was as tall as her husband, and so for the moment Oliver was obscured, but when she emerged from the passage into the hall she moved aside and Oliver was disclosed.

Even in that first flash of recognition Verney felt a disquieting shock; here was the first note of distinct change in the world he had thought unaltered. Except under his own roof, with his wife by his side, he would scarcely have known his elder brother: Oliver had not only grown bald, he had lost his classical shape. Nature had done him the indignity—he being still under forty—to make him stout—fat, in short, if one weren't too polite. And the change had gone deeper; the face that had once been handsome in a commonplace way showed harsh lines; wrinkles under the full eyes, a heaviness about the mouth. Was it only the fine monotony of success, the weariness of being rich too easily, that graved them there?

He said, just as Verney had foretold, "So here you are again," but in their blank gaze at each other the guest forgot his reply. Oliver's hand was fat, like his body, and it couldn't grip, but it felt dry and

feverish; there was something so unexpected about him that Verney was lost in a labyrinth of uneasy conjecture and stood dumb until he suddenly felt that Grania was looking on, her gaiety extinguished in some subtly realised anxiety, and then he loosed his tongue and spoke at random with a rush of words.

Oliver responded with a yes and a no, and the strain was lifted. He found himself going up the shallow oak stairs behind this stout, changed figure.

"It's your old room—your garret!" Grania called out from below. "I haven't had a thing changed. I thought you'd like it best."

He looked over the railing to answer lightly—

"You're a brick! It's just what I hoped for."

CHAPTER II.—CONFESSION

YES, the room was exactly the same, as he noticed with satisfaction; the wall-paper had not been renewed; he recognised the crack in the plaster that would like a river from ceiling to floor beside the window; the window itself, open now, aslant, to the darkness, would in the morning reveal to a cautiously thrust out head the unchanged face of the landscape. He recognised his relinquished possessions hung here and there, where they best concealed the dingy places in the old paper; a bow and arrows that stood for a very youthful enthusiasm, some abandoned cricket bats and rods, a rusty rabbit gun, books in a stained deal case that marked the limits of his mental culture when last he owned the attic. He glanced at them and felt that, more than anything else, they made a springboard for his backward leap.

Oliver was fussing about pointlessly and ponderously; he seemed to have developed an inability to remain still which accorded ill with his stoutness.

"I don't know what made Grania put you in this hole," he said; "there isn't even a cupboard to stow your things in——"

"Oh yes, there is—in fact, there are two under the slope, don't you remember? I dare say they are cramful now of my lost enthusiasms."

"And how does she suppose that you are going to shave in this beastly light?"

"I'll grow a beard!" he laughed. Oliver struck him as so funny, shuffling about

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inert and helpless. "He has eaten too much; he's taken no exercise, mental or bodily," he thought; "he'll get a liver on him if he doesn't look out."

"And you'll have the kid next you; perhaps she didn't tell you that?"

"She knew it would make the situation all the jollier."

At that moment Grania herself knocked at the door. She carried a can of hot water, and as Verney hastened to take it from her with reproaches, she said brightly—

"I like to wait on you! Oh, Oliver, my dear old stupid!" she cried as her eyes rested on her husband, fumbling with a handle, "that drawer *won't* open! Verney's Bluebeard mysteries are concealed there; he locked it himself when he went away, and nobody has opened it since."

"Then, where's he to put his clothes?" asked Oliver irritably. "You behave as if he was going off again to-morrow."

"I hope he is going to stay a long time." She looked from one brother to the other.

"See here." She crossed the room and opened a door covered with the same paper as the wall. It showed a larger, brighter room, curtained and lamp-lit, and comfortably furnished as a bed sitting-room, with wardrobes, a dressing-table and a writing-table.

"Why, you've moved the Boy," said Oliver stupidly.

"It was Verney's nursery first," she said gaily; "he has the best right to it, and I thought it would make the circle of his reminiscences complete to let him have the freedom of it! I would have left you the rocking-horse and the big box of bricks, but your namesake declined to part with them;" she turned to her brother-in-law gaily. "He's on the opposite side of the passage, but I don't think he'll bother you. Besides, you can lock the door, you know."

"On the contrary, I'll leave it open, and then perhaps he'll let me share the bricks."

"Oh, well, don't dress," said Oliver, who seemed unable to sustain interest long in any subject. "I won't either. We must have a smoke and—a talk—lots of talk. Heaps to say. Don't keep chattering, Grania;" his voice was again growing irritable; "it must be close on dinner-time."

"Yes, dear; the bell will ring in ten minutes. I'm coming with you. Oh, wait. Verney, you'll want to change your boots, anyway; I'll find you some shoes."

When she ran up again from her husband's dressing-room, a pair of Oxford slippers in her hand, he was standing in the passage.

"You'll have to take me as a traveller," he said, "and I see you are ready." He took in the daintiness of her white dress. "If there are still a few minutes to spare will you let me see the youngster?"

Her bright face changed, melted into lines of wonderful softness. Without a word she turned and tip-toed to the further door. A night-light showed the crib in the corner shaded by a curtain; she held this aside and looked at the sleeping child with such fond pride and passion and delight as he had scarce conceived a woman's face could wear. So here was the secret of her happiness; the little rascal curled in moist, warm sleep, the perfect curve of his limbs showing under the tossed blanket, the dark curls tight upon his shapely head. From motherhood she drew the purest joy of her life.

"Isn't he a beauty—my splendid one!" she whispered.

"He's very jolly—he's like you—his eyelashes."

She touched with lips light as a feather a chubby hand that suddenly flung itself out, and deftly tucked the cover.

"Yes," she said seriously, drawing the curtain again, and slipping to the door in fear that the bell might clang out and scare the child. "That's my one quarrel with him; I wanted him to be like Oliver. The eldest son has always been fair, hasn't he?"

"I believe there's some tradition that he claims all the good looks," he said easily as they went down-stairs together; "anyway it's true enough of my generation—Noll was always the show boy."

"And Boy is a Herrison! That's all wrong, you know. I feel as if I had taken a tremendous liberty with the family tradition."

"The woman he marries will be very much obliged to you," he laughed; "think if he had adopted my features as well as my name."

Was it possible, he wondered, that she did not perceive the change, the deterioration—he hated the word, but it was the right one—in her husband? the slipping down into commonness, into—he refused himself a further definition. Or when people married and loved each other did



HERE WAS THE SECRET OF HER HAPPINESS

they cease to perceive such signs as these of altered character; did custom and familiarity blind the eyes and dull the faculty of perception?

All through dinner—an excellent meal, spread with great daintiness—his perplexity grew. The Oliver he remembered had been able to sustain a cheerful if not brilliant part in ordinary conversation; he had his quite orthodox views on politics, even on art and literature; he had taken a keen interest in the affairs of the little town and of the county; a good churchman, a good landlord, emphatically a good husband, full of all practical activities. This Oliver sat moodily steeped in silence, or spoke peevishly and spasmodically, in spurts that died abruptly. For Grania's sake, Verney, by nature a silent, unboastful man, did all the talking, and hoped she would not perceive what a strain it was.

Under his traveller's tales, so lightly told, conjecture was busy within him. Could it be that Oliver drank? If so, it must be in secret, that deadliest form of the vice, for

the glass at his side remained unfilled. Verney had seen too often, in every sort of climate, under every sort of condition, the rapid breakdown, mental and moral, induced by the habit, not to feel the keenest pang of anxiety on his brother's account. For some moments he could not look at Grania in dread lest he should see in her face a confirmation of his doubts; when at last he was compelled to address her it seemed to him that her very gaiety was only a brave disguise bravely worn.

It was a relief to get into the smoking-room, and to feel that he need no longer school face or voice.

Oliver kept up for a few moments the aimless wanderings that had already begun to tell on his brother's nerves; his chair invited him, but he seemed incapable of accepting and enjoying its soft appeal. He lifted and laid down several articles on the table, drew the curtains and looked out with unseeing eyes upon the night, took out his watch and began absently to wind it.

"I say, old chap, do come and sit down,"

The Deceiver

said Verney at last. "Do you always do sentry-go like this? I suppose you don't get much exercise at the Bank."

The voice rather than the words, which in his own dire preoccupation he scarcely heard, drew Oliver. He sank heavily into the chair opposite his brother, and leaned his elbows on the table to support his brow. His face was pallid and clammy with perspiration.

"I'm in a beast of a hole," he groaned, as if the words were dragged out of him.

Verney kept his eyes fixed on the little smoke-cloud curling up toward the ceiling from his pipe, but his voice had a certain quickness and vibration as he exclaimed—

"The Bank!"

"The Bank's all right."

"Then——"

"Do you remember Tom Struthers?"

Oliver still spoke thickly, his face hidden, but his words came with less effort. Like all weak people he began to feel that in making confession he was already partly absolved.

"The solicitor? Yes. I heard of his death."

"And the son——"

"I remember the boy. A red-haired young cub. He can't have been more than ten or eleven when I left."

"Eleven. He'll be twenty-one next month—on the 20th." Oliver spoke as if the date were burned in his memory. "The 20th of April, and this is the 15th of March."

Verney put down his pipe and turned in his chair.

"Well?" he said curtly, beginning to have an idea, and fighting to dispossess himself of it. "What has that particular date got to do with you or me? I suppose young Struthers is fortunate enough to have biggish expectations and will realise them then, and if he's at all like his father he won't be anything of a spendthrift; but why that should worry you——"

"I am trustee—sole trustee."

Verney said nothing, though he left his contemplation of the fire and drew himself up sharply, but he was aware now that he knew everything that was coming—everything to the last sordid detail. And in his tumult of disgust and humiliation his mind hardened. "He shall tell me himself," he thought bitterly. "I shan't help him out."

But the silence alone was a stimulus

to the wretched man cowering in the opposite chair; it condemned him unheard. He was forced to self-defence.

"I did it for the best," he said desperately, forgetting that he had told nothing. "It was a magnificent investment. It ought to have turned out a big success. It ought to have doubled young Tom's fortune. I swear to you when I lifted that money I was thinking of his good far more than of the temporary help to myself. It was about the time our own boy was born—could I have wanted to rob him—I, a father myself?"

"Don't," said Verney fiercely, seeing again as in a vision Grania bending over the child's crib.

"Of course you don't believe me!" Oliver assumed a tone of injury; "what can you know of business or its risks, its hazards, you who've done nothing but roam about the world! I'm the most unfortunate devil that ever was. I've only to touch a thing and it goes wrong. Some fellows have luck; some fellows——"

"I know," said Verney slowly, feeling that at any cost he must stem this flow of words, "that when an honourable man accepts a trusteeship he accepts certain conditions, certain limitations which he binds himself to observe. You, perhaps, are better aware than I of the view the law takes of his conduct if he infringes them. Man, haven't you even the courage of plain words that you must make *me* your mouthpiece? You've speculated with this lad's fortune, and lost it. Is that the simple English of what you call your 'misfortune,' your 'ill-luck,' your 'mess'?"

The words were bitter, but they inadequately expressed the tumult of Verney's feelings. He had been too careless, perhaps, in his estimate of a man's duty to life, but his code of honour had remained untarnished. Such pride as he had had in his birth was the pride of a man whose ancestors were of a spotless integrity. He remembered his father, good to the core; his grandfather, the first Drake to acquire wealth in Monnowbridge, the first to set a tradition of justice and generosity and scrupulous fair dealing, and here was the good name he had prized far above the wealth that went with it dragged in the dirt, made a shameful thing.

His scorn broke his miserable companion down completely.

The Deceiver

"God knows I've tried," he said brokenly, "to the point of wronging my wife and child to make good my mistake. But the luck's been against me. Everything's gone wrong. Good money gone after bad. Do you suppose I haven't suffered? Do you suppose I don't think every minute of the day—every wakeful hour of the night—what's hanging over me—me, whom they all look up to and trust? You don't know the position I've gained here. My father never had the like. I've doubled the Bank's capital, and more than doubled its clients, and to think it must all go smash when they know. If I had dared, I'd have drunk myself stupid; if it hadn't been for Grania I'd have ended it all in the river."

"Does Grania know?"

"Not a word! Why, she's going to the fête! Young Tom's giving an entertainment. Think of that—to hear her talk of it—talk to the Boy. It's maddening!"

Verney did think of it.

"How much?" he asked presently.

"Forty thousand pounds," groaned the Banker. "Struthers left more than was supposed, but young Tom wasn't to have the handling of it till he came of age. I have everything in my power while he's a minor, but I'm bound to hand over the capital in a lump. He's an idea of buying land. I swear to you I'd have made it £60,000 if things had turned out as I calculated, and proud to serve an old friend's son."

Verney was thinking deeply. The sum, to within a few hundreds, almost exactly represented the amount of his inheritance. It had come to him in the shape of certain stocks and shares—the prudent selection of a far-seeing father, and he had left the capital unrealised, finding the interest ample to cover his needs. The banking business had devolved on Oliver, already a partner at his father's death, and the house and the land were entailed.

"What do you want of me?" he asked at last.

Oliver looked up in dull-eyed misery. The depths of his humiliation were not then yet reached. In throwing off his burden he had expected Verney to pick it up: to spare him further suffering by making some suggestion—by making the only possible and natural suggestion, and there he sat—a man of adamant and iron, without so much as lifting a finger to ease the load. He looked into the lean, brown,

stern face, even the kindly eyes kind no longer, as a drowning man looks at the oar drifting away from him.

"If you could have seen your way to an advance," he said timidly, his voice flat with hopelessness.

Somewhere in the inner part of the house a door opened, and some high notes of music floated out. It was Grania singing; Grania making her gallant defence, even when she was all alone. The door was shut again upon the chords, but they had pierced even Oliver's misery.

"For Grania's sake," he said desperately. "You thought a lot of her—once."

Verney rose. The little room seemed suffocating as a furnace. It was intolerable to him that Oliver should use this argument; it seemed to define so much too clearly the depths to which Grania's husband had fallen.

"I suppose if I had been at home it is my fortune you'd have experimented on with the generous intention of doubling it, and that gives you a claim on it now to make good your failures——" He stopped abruptly, seeing the utter futility of his scorn. "I can't say anything just now. We've talked enough. I must have time to think."

"Yes, yes," said Oliver with feverish eagerness, seeing the oar carried by a backward wave within reach of his hand again. "There's a month yet—nearly a month. And of course it would only be a temporary loan."

But Verney could stand no more.

"Excuse me to Grania," he said. "Say I'm—tired." He went heavily up to his attic room. All the kindly, wholesome commonplace, the indulged sentiment of his home-coming, turned into sordid melodrama. And he, forsooth, was offered the hero's part!

CHAPTER III.—A BEGGAR, FOR LOVE'S SAKE

NIGHT brought counsel if it did not bring sleep. With the world shut out, the confusing emotions of the day forgotten, Verney Drake could think, and with him to think was to recover his hold upon the balance of justice. He reddened in the darkness to remember that he had been hurried into wrath and scorn, he who had seen and studied men, and supposed himself possessed of the philosopher's calm in his survey of human

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nature. But Fate can spring her surprises better than Fancy, and of all the positions he had figured, the events he had anticipated on the homeward journey, the last was to find Oliver a rogue.

A rogue, or only a weak man, led imperceptibly into dishonest deed? His own version might be the true one, though it did not sound true. It was not easy to conceive that good-nature would run such amazing risks for the son of a man who was merely a client of the Bank, and not even a great personal friend; whereas it *was* easy to suppose that in the extreme flatness and dulness—to a middle-aged man of few resources—of a sleepy little country town speculation might offer itself as a very desirable excitement.

Verney thought of his own wanderings, of the richness and fulness of his experience, and remembered how he had rebelled and chafed inwardly when it had seemed at one time as if he too were destined to begin and end his days in Monnowbridge. It took years of going to and fro in distant lands to make the thought of home-coming sweet, to draw his feet back, and make them swift on the return. But he had gone; he had had his satisfactions, his full breath of the larger life, and even his coming back was only a new adventure. When he was tired of it, when the quiet began to pall, he would let the whirlwind lift and carry him off again. And Oliver had had no whirlwind; not even a breeze to change the air unless he made it for himself.

"If it had been you—you who stagnated here—would you have been any better?"

The question was not easy to answer, but at least it made room for the beginnings of sympathy. And sympathy was surely needed for a man who, even as the husband of Grania Harrison, could not keep straight.

When, towards early morning, Verney fell asleep at last, it was to dream himself back into his boyhood. Oliver had been his hero then—the big, handsome brother who could do everything, who was good-natured to the small boy, made supremely happy by his condescending notice. That was before the time when they both loved the same girl, and jealousy and mistrust divided them; and happily his dream did not pass into that stormy region: it remained gay and pleasant with the charm of youth, and when he woke and saw the

things that had belonged to that remembered time, and the familiar walls bending at the old angle above his bed, it seemed not so wholly impossible as it did last night to link that past with the present. For the chain of human love is never complete; it suffers many a wrench and dismemberment, but even after the rudest breaks, it is well to join the links and save what we can.

Verney knew now that a wrong thing must, in as far as was possible, be made right, and that apparently he had come home to do it.

The heart had won, though the head had still to make its own terms of surrender.

But the heart had other allies besides a boyhood restored in a dream. Early as it was when he rose and dressed, Grania was out in the garden. She was a lover of the open air, no day too grey for her to see the beauty of it, and truly she had never found her world too little or too dull. She had made for herself a hundred preoccupations, woven into the tissue of her life a hundred kindnesses to make it shine; as he looked down upon her standing at the verge of the lawn where the trim smoothness broke bounds, and the orchard grass was all alive with the bustle of spring, led by the waving daffodils, he realised what complete knowledge of her husband's character would mean to her.

Last night—it *was* only last night he had arrived—when they stood smilingly exploring each other's faces under the glare of the electric light in the hall, he had been puzzled to tell wherein lay the change, so slight it was, which he perceived in hers. Now he knew that it was in her eyes. They laughed still, those wonderful Irish eyes of deepest blue, but it was only to hide the question in them.

She knew nothing, Oliver had assured him. Her confidence, at best, could only as yet be shaken. It might be restored; Oliver relieved from crushing anxiety and the dread of a dishonoured name might again become a sufficiently good husband to satisfy the love she gave him. She had the gift of idealisation, as loving women have; out of the poorest stuff she could weave herself a garment of gold. But suppose her to be rudely rent of her illusions? He knew very well what would happen then. He knew the slow withering of the heart that follows upon the discovery of long-practised insincerity in one we love,

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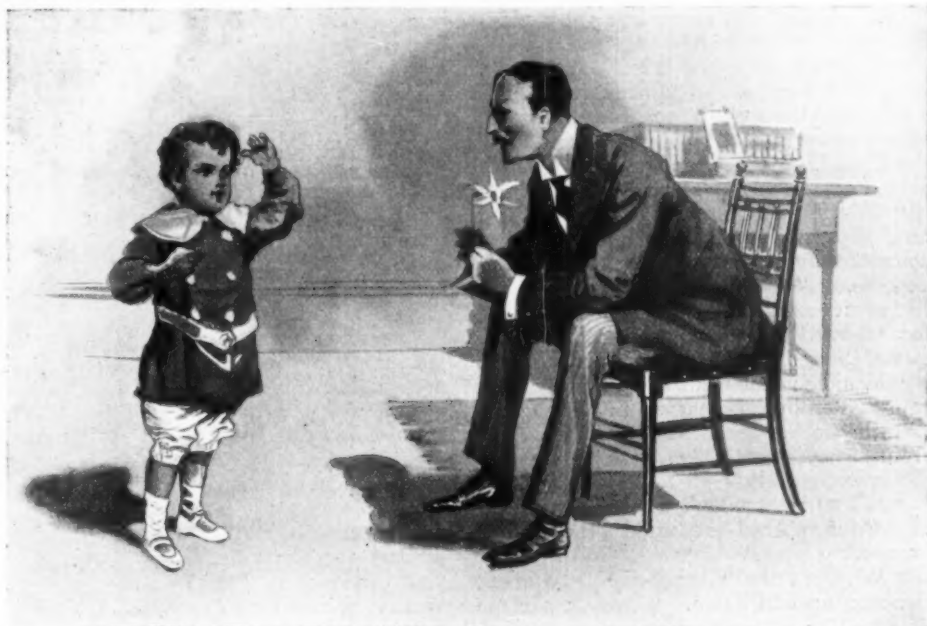
the sense of absolute loss in losing trust. She might forgive, she might pity, she might strive after tenderness still, but her happiness would go under.

And that was not a thing a man who had loved her, and still put no other woman before her, could stand aside and see happen.

He was putting on his coat with the slow deliberation with which he did everything, when a thump as if of a soft body falling against it very low down upon the panel of the door sent him to open it, and there a

said Boy, pausing in his examination of the articles on the dressing-table to stare at this new friend. "We've taken it into the other room; me and Jones did it. Jones takes care of my pony: you can see it if you push your head through the bars. It's in the field round the corner."

"My head mightn't come back," said Uncle Verney. "I once pushed it through the stair banister, and it stayed—and my tears made a little pool down in the hall. About the crib. I'll tell you what. It stood in that corner, didn't it?"



"HAVE YOU GOT A WISHING-CAP?"

sturdy, gallant little figure with eyes the marrow of her own, stood Grania's Boy, doubt upon his round face and a daffodil in his clenched fist.

The two took stock of each other, and Verney felt that he was on trial, as he had felt at times when a friend's dog had sniffed out his character; but in a minute or two, nobody could have told how, for these things are secrets, the daffodil had exchanged hands, and Boy's tongue was loosed.

"Mother sent it. This is my nursery."

"I know. That's why I'm here. Didn't they tell you it was my nursery too?"

"But you couldn't sleep in my crib,"

"Yes," said the wondering child, "but *you* weren't here; Jones said you were in Foreign Parts. Is Foreign Parts a good way off?"

"A good bit. They do queer things there sometimes. Have you ever heard of a wishing-cap?"

"No," said Boy sceptically, "we haven't that kind here. Old Mrs. Lacy wears a nightcap. I've seen her, but it doesn't wish anything."

"It's you that wish. It's the kind that can take you where you want to go, or give you what you want to have. Suppose you wanted your crib back in its own corner—you'd put the cap on and go to

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sleep thinking about it, and when you woke, there you'd be——"

"But there wouldn't be room for the play-box," objected Boy, thinking how very much less interesting and useful was the big table with the pens and ink, and mother's best blotter on it, which usurped its place.

"We might wish the table away—and then wish the play-box back—that's the kind of game it is."

"Have you got a wishing-cap?" asked the child, his blue eyes one big question.

"I rather think I have—packed in my trunk. And what's more, I've got a play-box too."

"What's in it?" demanded Boy eagerly.

"You'll help me to unpack it when it comes, and then you'll see. Listen, sonnie, where's your dad?"

"In bed. Mother says he's got a headache, and I'm not to 'sturb him.'"

"Well, if you were to go to his room, and slip in very quietly and give him something from me, you'd make his headache better."

"Is it medicine?" Boy's expressive face showed reluctance to force upon his father the remedy he so distrusted himself.

"Medicine that heals a sad mind," murmured Verney, rummaging in his bag for a little pocket-book, and tearing a leaf from it.

He wrote on it—

"It's all right; don't worry," and folded it into a cocked-hat under the child's wondering eyes.

"Why, it's the wishing-cap!" he cried, dancing up and down. "I say, make me one too!"

"You shall have one, but take this to the dad first."

"And I'll say, 'Uncle Verney sends you this.' He'll have to take it in his hand, you know, for it's much too teeny-weeny to put on; it would only"—Boy looked meditative—"just go on the little round bit where dad's hair hasn't grown."

"It doesn't need to be worn. It will do quite well if he takes it in his hand."

"And I'll say, 'Uncle Verney sends you this to make your headache go away.'"

"I couldn't improve on the words," said Verney gravely. He listened to the child's foot going step by step down the stair, and at every step there went a portion of his fortune.

"Two thousand pounds a step," he said,

and laughed grimly; and then the tread ceased, and he could hear the boy fumbling with the handle of a door on the floor beneath.

"A beggar now—for love's sake!"

Often in after life the memory of this moment came back to him, and he wondered how and where his journey might have ended if he had refused the narrow way of sacrifice and taken another turning.

"Oliver isn't going to the Bank this morning," Grania said, when he joined her at breakfast. "He's going to have an idle day in honour of your home-coming. He began it with a headache, but a cup of tea has cured him. Men profess to despise tea, but they're as ready as we to fly to it when they're ill."

"It wasn't the tea, mummie," said Boy, lifting a milky face from his porringer; "it was Uncle Verney's wishing-cap. I'm to have one too. It's in his trunk."

"I hope it will be a long time before you have either headache or heartache to cure, sonnie."

"It isn't headaches only. It's—lots of things. But they're secrets."

"Secrets already?" she said gaily. "I'm jealous. Do you know, Verney, you look very well. Oliver said you were 'all to pieces' with tiredness last night, when you slipped away to bed without saying good-night, but I think your old room and your old bed must have agreed with you."

"If pleasant dreams count, it did."

"Oh, they count! I wouldn't miss my dreams for anything. Now, what were you thinking of doing? Everybody will want to see the lion, of course. Oh, you're a very big lion to us! But perhaps to-day you'd rather just lounge about with Oliver."

"I'll have to lie low till I get my clothes. After that, if you think I'm to be trusted, you can lead me about, and I'll do my best to roar."

"If there were only something nice on," she said musingly, "but it's too early for garden-parties yet. There's a dinner at the Lord-Lieutenant's. If I were to write to Lady St. Brevals——"

"Please don't. Though I'm a lion, I've my little feelings. When I last met him—it was in India—he calmly annexed my best story, and told it to an applauding audience. I know now what a small dog feels like when a big dog steals his bone."

Grania laughed. "What did you do?"

"I pointed out to him that he was guilty

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of infringement of copyright, and he said he hadn't been a Colonial Governor for a dozen years without knowing how to annex a good thing when he had the chance. I'll go up and smoke a pipe of peace with him some night, but no dinner-parties. I haven't had on a dress-coat for four years, and I don't even know if one wears one's gloves, or merely carries them to show that one can run to a pair."

"I'm afraid there's nothing else. Unless young Tom Struthers' coming-of-age festivities. Did you know he had asked me to preside, and to chaperon the little girl he's going to marry?"

"I didn't know he was going to be married to any little girl."

"Oh, yes; it's an old affair, though they are such babies—both of them. He has the money, and the position it carries with it. But she's a nice little thing, and it's all quite suitable."

"I hope she'll be happy," said Verney thoughtfully, reflecting that her happiness was going to cost him a great deal. What had he done that Fate should put this compulsion upon him, making it impossible for him to hold to what was honestly and legitimately his own without depriving other people of their share of happiness? this little girl whom he had never seen, for instance, why was it left for his breath to extinguish or save alive the small flame of her love?

He went over the house after breakfast with Grania to see the addition to the drawing-room in the shape of a conservatory built out to hide a rather unpicturesque view, and a new wing very judiciously planned in the servants' quarter.

"We did that soon after we were married," she explained. "I'm afraid we were rather extravagant in those days, for the house has always been far too large. Now, when we've Boy to think of, we're severely economical. That wing is half empty, and I grudge every blossom in the greenhouse."

"He needn't cost you much yet, the little chap——"

"Next year he must have a tutor; he's growing too big for nursery lessons, and he must go to Charterhouse and Cambridge as you and his father did before him. Boy must not suffer."

"Oliver tells me the Bank is doing very well," he said, feeling how all unconsciously she was giving him another little push

towards that verge over which he must presently go.

"Yes," she said, with a suppressed sigh, "but business, even when it is flourishing, always seems to mean worry."

"It's a way it has," he agreed.

When Oliver and he met at last they did not look at each other while they exchanged a morning greeting.

"Come out and look round a bit," Oliver suggested, and Grania went off jingling a little fanciful key-basket.

But they looked round for the most part in silence.

The Leas was quite a small place; some eighty acres of woodland and pasture comprised the whole when the first Drake bought the land and the small old house upon it, and set himself to found both Bank and family; but Oliver had added fifty acres of grazing land that increased his water rights, and gave him another salmon rod on the river.

He was rather emphatic in explaining that he got it dirt cheap, but that, bargain as it was, it added next to nothing to his revenues.

"Hay's a drug here," he said, "where there's always a heavy crop; and there's nothing to be made out of fat cattle now-a-days."

The same note ran through all that he said; one might almost have imagined he had a kind of pride in proving his incompetence as a landowner.

Verney's quietly observant eyes missed no detail; the fences rotting for want of paint, the land starved of manure, the slovenly farming. He suffered a vicarious pang for the grandfather and father, who each in turn had left it in perfect order.

"You're letting the place go to rack and ruin," he said at last, as his dismay grew.

"Nobody can say I've been extravagant," Oliver retorted, in a tone in which sullenness and self-complaisance were subtly combined. "I haven't spent a shilling on the place—since—— Look here,"—he broke off, leading the way to the stables, and throwing open the door of the loose box,— "look at that crock—lame too! That's all Grania's got to depend on now. She can't use the carriage, since I can't afford to replace the beast that died. Just like my luck that it should die. She'll have to put up with the dogcart. I dismissed the coachman last week; there's only Jones left, and you remember what the stables

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were in my father's time! The Boy's pony will have to go next."

Verney smoothed the neck of the horse that turned trustful brown eyes upon him. All animals, after due examination, confided in him. He found nothing to say.

Oliver looked at him a moment in silence, and then said with hesitancy—

"I say, did you mean that—that note you sent me, you know?"

"Yes." He was over the brink at last.

Oliver found some word of choked thanks, to which the other paid no heed. He roused himself to hear his brother say with renewed confidence—

"Of course it's a loan. I'll pay you the interest you're getting now."

"We'll regard it as a loan," Verney assented with a smile, which only the brown horse saw. "I must see Sim; the whole thing will have to be gone into. I've left everything to him. He's managed for me—all these years."

"Do you mean to say your capital is untouched?" the banker asked in an amazed voice.

"Happily, as things stand. I've done very well on the interest you spoke of just now." He was wondering whether he should do very well without it. "I must run up to town. I must see Sim; writing won't do. It may take him some time to sell out—"

"There are three good weeks," Oliver reminded him, between a gasp and a sigh. He looked at his brother now with last night's appeal to pity in his dull, unhappy eyes.

"You won't tell Sim—"

"No more than is needful," Verney promised coldly. "I don't forget that I'm a Drake too. If you think I've come in usefully, at a crisis, I dare say you'll see that the best thanks you can give me is to speculate no more."

"I've had about enough," Oliver reddened with shame. "You don't need to warn me."

"No, or to remind you that Grania should be spared all that is possible."

"She need know nothing," said Oliver decidedly. "Women never understand business; she would only judge wrongly."

"Very probably. Yet it's our one chance of doing right that women so often do judge us—wrongly. You'll explain my absence to her as you think best. Sudden business will for once hit the truth. I think I'd better go off quietly to-morrow morning."

"Perhaps it would be best." Oliver was unable to hide the relief that filled all his being. "Seems awfully inhospitable to turn you out, but of course you'll come back again."

Verney evaded making any promise.

"I suppose there's an early train? Eight o'clock? All right. Can you send me? No, as I've no luggage I can walk. Better wire to Williams to keep my traps. They ought to be at the station to-day."

They were walking back to the house together, and Oliver eagerly undertook to make everything easy.

"But I say, old chap," he said suddenly, "what will you do yourself?"

Verney laughed. He had been waiting for this question, and it seemed to him he had waited a good while.

"I haven't considered the point yet. You don't give a fellow much time to pitch on a career. But I suppose there's something even I can do. I've played longer than most, so I ought to be able to bring the freshness of youth and the experience of age to the task."

"And there's the interest on the loan—so it can't make much difference."

Verney laughed again, and his brother looked at him sideways, uneasily, not understanding and half resenting his mirth, and half relieved by it, since it showed how little he minded parting with his capital! He always *was* a light chap.

"To be sure," Verney said, when he could compose himself again. "I was forgetting to reckon on your punctual payments. They'll make it easy for me to be an idler still!"

(To be continued.)



Impressions of Parliament

BY DR. MACNAMARA, M.P.

Illustrated by Harry Furniss

I



Photo by

DR. MACNAMARA, M.P.

Lafayette

POSSIBLY after four years as a rank-and-file parliamentarian I may set down some impressions that you may care to read. In many respects election to Parliament is a great disillusionment. You stand amongst the crowd in the "Outer Lobby" and gaze wonderingly through the safely-guarded corridor that leads into the "Inner Lobby." When the glass doors swing you catch sight of groups of those wonderful people, the M.P.s. By rare good chance and the swinging of two sets of glass doors at the same time, you may snatch a

vision of the wonderful and subdued light which suffuses that mysterious Chamber which is at the very heart of all avenues; and you despairingly murmur to yourself, "What must it be to be there!"

By and by, when you are very footsore and tired (I know no more wearisome place on God's fair earth than the "Outer Lobby" of the House of Commons), one of the several members for whom you sent in cards comes forth in all the glory of his Membership of Parliament. He wears white "spats," a weirdly-braided and buttoned fancy waistcoat, an immaculate "lonsdale," and a rakishly-poised grey top-hat. He affects a strut that would have been the making of a drum-major of the old school, and has brought the function of raising his hat to a fine art.



IN ALL THE GLORY OF HIS MEMBERSHIP

Impressions of Parliament



THEY STOP THE TRAFFIC FOR YOU!

There is a something which separates him from the ordinary mortal. Difficult as it is to make an arbitrary and yet conclusive division of human beings into two classes, you have only to stand in the "Outer Lobby" to be able to do it. Mankind, you then determine, is divisible into two classes: those who are and those who are not Members of Parliament.

And so, as you stand in the "Outer Lobby," your imagination is fired with a conception which is a lofty inspiration. *You, too*, will be a Member of Parliament. Good! The Presiding Officer has read out your name first. You have nearly cracked your vocal chords in addressing the delighted multitude. The horses have been taken out of the carriage, and you have been duly dragged to your Central Committee Rooms, the newly-elected Member for the Borough. And, from an up-stair window, you have again invited

apoplexy or something worse by another paroxysm—euphemistically styled a speech or reply—in response to the introduction as "Our Member."

And now the process of disillusionment commences. You expect to receive some sort of official notice of your election, some sort of King's Commission. You get nothing at all. Your first parliamentary notice will be a stencilled slip from the leader of your party, reminding you that Parliament meets on February the so-and-so, and that, as urgent public matters will immediately come under consideration, you are most urgently adjured to be present.

Meanwhile, you will get all sorts of communications of a frankly unofficial character. The very first tangible recognition of my electoral victory of October 1900 was the receipt of a bottle of sloe gin from an enterprising western firm. I was asked to sample it and send my opinion by

way of "unsolicited testimonial." My wife, who is a prejudiced teetotaler, pointed sternly to the dustbin in the back-yard, and thereto it was ignominiously consigned. Then by the next post came anxious inquiries from the publishers of "Debrett." What were my "armorial bearings"? Would I forward "a bookplate giving an heraldic description or a clear impression from a seal"?

The hooligan within me wildly urged me to fake-up a nose in profile with thumb and fingers rampant; but the proscription that my communication must include "officially-recorded arms only" gently but effectively put the hooligan aside. Then "Debrett" most kindly inquired as to what county I might be "Deputy-Lieutenant of," and when I had been its Sheriff. Also I was to say of which public companies I was Director, and so on and so forth. These and the like were the

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attributes which, much to my astonishment, were associated with Membership in Parliament.

Then, by every post, came chastely executed catalogues of rare wines and tempting prospectuses of cigars, the very description of which made me sniff the air in a way that involved a deliberate breach of the Tenth Commandment. And with wine lists—an educated taste in Champagne and Sparkling Hock would seem to be a *sine qua non* for complete realisation of the function of the parliamentarian—came illustrated editions *de luxe* of catalogues of winter furs, evening gowns, tiaras of diamonds, residential flats, broughams for sale or hire, motors by the week, month, or year, and so on and so on. Diamonds, silk gowns, fur opera-cloaks, wines, cigars, motors, broughams, West-End flats. The list is an illumination and a disillusionment. In my simple bourgeois fashion I thought the first things to be thought of on my election to Parliament was the furtherance of the peace, safety and prosperity of the people, the protection of their rights, and the safeguarding and improvement of their morals. I thought that now I had the right to add "M.P." to my name, a little, a very little step had been taken towards securing that True Imperialism shall begin at home; towards insisting that Empire cannot be built on slums; towards the acceptance of the patent truth that the heritors of Britain's greatness must not be allowed to graduate, hungry and homeless, in the greasy back alleys; towards an admission of the fact that if people are to love their country you must make their country lovely. Thus, in my simplicity, had I thought. And, day by day, wines, cigars, motors, residential flats, and diamonds!

But, like a healthy organism, I soon got over this disillusionment. I would wait till Parliament actually met. And so, in December 1900, for the purpose of playing a very small scrannel-pipe part in the orchestration of the small Session of that year, observe me wending my way along Parliament Street to the corner of Bridge Street, full of rare thoughts, exaltations and aspirations. The policemen at the corner! They pay the first—and almost the only—



IT WAS THROUGH THAT WINDOW THAT OLIVER CROMWELL
HANDED THE DEATH-WARRANT OF CHARLES I.

outward and visible tribute to the fact that you are one of Old England's Chosen Six Hundred. They stop the traffic for you! I make full confession of the fact that I said to myself, "Now, *this* is something like!" Months after I took my little chap down to the House. After we had crossed Bridge Street and were half-way through Palace Yard, he looked up to me and said, *Let's go back and have that over again!* His feelings when the policemen stopped the traffic for him were understood by no one better than his father.

But seriously, the police attached to the House are an extremely hard-working, obliging, and pleasant body of men. They are obviously inspired with a sense of the dignity and importance which attaches to their special duties, and the prompt way they make themselves personally acquainted with the members after the election of a new Parliament must be added to the Seven Wonders of the World. I will only say that

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if in my youth the policemen of those days had treated me with such extreme consideration as do the policemen at St. Stephen's, the odds are that I should have found an early grave upon the gallows—if I may put the matter thus clumsily.

And while I am saying a well-earned word of praise for the policemen, let me also pay a similarly-deserved tribute to the attendants and officials of the House. In all departments, Post Office, Vote Office, Bills Office, Speaker's Office, Library, Tea Room, Smoke Room, Dining Room, Lobbies, Corridors, what you will, everywhere every body meets you with the greatest will-

pile of white cardboard hat-boxes and the battered tin case of a Court-dress cocked-hat are the silent witnesses, if and when the spirit of the Great Protector revisits the glimpses of the moon.

But I wander about the passages and wend my way up-stairs till I reach the "Inner Lobby," sacred to Members, their special friends, and the score or so of journalists admitted to the "Lobby List." A crowd of demonstratively good-humoured, well-groomed men have become school-boys over again. The holidays are at an end; they are back at school again. Exuberance overflows as they talk loudly of fights,



THE SPEAKER'S PROCESSION

ingness and patience. I do not think we quite realise how much the successful working of our dreadfully creaky and cumbersome old parliamentary machine owes to the courtesy, cheerfulness, and unfailing readiness of its servants and officials.

But now I am in the labyrinthine passages around the Star Chamber Court. It is there members hang their hats, each with a tag of red tape wherewith to secure his umbrella or stick. Insetted in the corridor is a quaint, octagonal little chamber, the repository of old portmanteaus, hat-boxes, and the odds and ends of any ordinary attic. It was through that very window in this little chamber that Oliver Cromwell handed to Colonel Pride the death-warrant of Charles the First! A

majorities, victories, and welcome back old friends and colleagues. It is time to ring up the parliamentary curtain, and a loud-voiced police-superintendent intones in a full bass and long-drawn-out portamento the words "Mister Spe-e-e-ker-r-r!" The cry is taken up by *all* the policemen in *all* the lobbies, corridors, and on the Terrace (I imagine that one of the tests for police service in the House is the possession of a good, full, powerful bass voice, and a clear enunciation), and slowly and with great dignity there is seen advancing along the corridor an impressive procession. The Sergeant-at-Arms, sworded and in knee-breeches, advances at the slowest of slow marches, with the mighty mace over his shoulder. Behind him paces the Speaker

Impressions of Parliament

in full robe and wig, and also in knee-breeches. His train is carried by an attendant, himself the personification of reflected dignity. Then comes the Chaplain, the very quintessence of reverence, and then other attendants. As the slowly-moving procession approaches, the police-superintendent startles the wits out of those near him in the "Inner Lobby" with a short, sharp "Hats off, strangers!" and we all bow respectfully as the procession files in. The Members present in the "Inner Lobby" gravely join in the pro-

"grill" above the Press Gallery) are graciously allowed to be present. The service, which is taken daily, lasts about five minutes, and is very beautiful. The Members facing the chair, the Chaplain recites the Sixty-seventh Psalm; and most moving is Dr. Wilberforce's fine rehearsal of that impressive lyric. Then follow the aspiration "The Lord be with you," and the response by the Members, "And with thy spirit." "Lord, have mercy upon us," calls the Chaplain, and the Members respond, "Christ, have mercy upon us."



PRAYERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

cession. The great outer door of the Chamber is closed and guarded; an old attendant, in a grave, quiet voice, says, "Mr. Speaker at prayers," and an electric bell tinkles in every room in the whole Palace of Westminster, and for the space of the next five minutes the whole world waits.

Inside, the Speaker stands reverently at the table in the place occupied by the Chairman when the House is in Committee. On his left is the Chaplain. No attendant is admitted. Neither is the Press or Public Gallery yet open. Curiously enough, ladies (who seemed to be condemned for ever to sit up behind that stupid and irritating

"Lord, have mercy upon us," again calls the Chaplain, and at this point the Members turn and face their seats, many kneeling thereon. Together they repeat the Lord's Prayer, and then follow these beautiful prayers, recited by the Chaplain alone:—

"O Lord our heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth; Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lord King Edward, and so replenish him with the grace of thy Holy

Impressions of Parliament

Spirit, that he may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way: Endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts, grant him in health and wealth long to live, strengthen him that he may vanquish and overcome all his enemies; and finally, after this life, he may attain everlasting joy and felicity, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen*

"Almighty God, the Fountain of all Goodness, we humbly beseech thee to bless our gracious Queen Alexandra, George Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family: Endue them with thy Holy Spirit, enrich them with thy Heavenly Grace, prosper them with all happiness: and bring them to thine everlasting Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen*."

"Almighty God, by whom alone Kings reign, and Princes decree justice; and from whom alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding; We thine unworthy servants, here gathered together in thy Name, do most humbly beseech thee to send down thy Heavenly Wisdom from

above, to direct and guide us in all our consultations: And grant that, we having thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be to the glory of thy blessed Name, the maintenance of true Religion and Justice, the safety, honour, and happiness of the King, the publick wealth, peace and tranquillity of the Realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same, in true Christian Love and Charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. *Amen*."

The Communion Collect commencing "Prevent us, O Lord," and the Benediction close the service; the doors are thrown open; the bell tinkles everywhere; the white-haired attendant doucely announces to the outer world, "Mr. Speaker in the Chair"; the loud-voiced policemen carry the cry to the uttermost ends of the great palace of Parliament; and the secular work of the day has commenced.

John Wesley, Evangelist

BY THE REV. RICHARD GREEN

CHAPTER I.—EARLY DAYS

ON the 17th day of the sunny month of June, 1703, the eleventh of the nineteen children—the fourth son—of Samuel and Susanna Wesley was born at Epworth Parsonage; and a few hours after his birth, being weakly, he was baptised by his father. The babe was named John Benjamin, after two of the children deceased, who respectively bore these names.¹ The latter name was never used either by Wesley himself or by the family. Little "Jacky" went through the training common to all the children of that home. His sleep in infancy was measured—three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon, gradually shortened until he needed none

"I have heard him (Wesley) say, that he was christened by the name of John Benjamin; that his mother had buried two sons, one called John and the other Benjamin, and that she united their names in him. But he never made use of the second name."—Crowther's *Methodist Memorial*, 1810, p. 5. This accords with a family tradition.

in the day-time. By the close of his first year he had been taught "to fear the rod," whether of punishment or of authority, and, if he cried, to do so "softly." His meals were strictly regulated as to time and quantity, and he was further taught to eat such things as were set before him, at the three daily meals, and to desire nothing between. As soon as he could speak he was taught the Lord's Prayer, which he then repeated daily, morning and evening. He was instructed to speak and act with propriety, and never to be rude in word or behaviour, even to servants. When calling a brother or sister by name, he learnt to preface the name with "brother" or "sister," as the case might be. On his fifth birthday he, like all the others, save Kezzie, learnt the alphabet, and immediately began his reading lessons at the first chapter in Genesis. This birthday performance was a notable event in the life of each child, for which due preparations were made. "No sooner was the appointed birthday with its

John Wesley, Evangelist

simple festivities fairly over, than learning began in earnest. The day before the new pupil took his formal place in the school-room, 'the house was set in order, every one's work appointed, and a charge given that no one should come into the room from nine till twelve, or from two till five.' The allotted task of those hours was for the new scholar to acquire a perfect mastery of the alphabet; and in every case, save two, the evening of the day saw Mrs. Wesley's children in full possession of the elements of all future learning."¹

Morning and evening he joined in singing the Psalms with which the school was opened and closed; and, according to the rule of the house, one of his elder sisters, probably Kezzie, who was passionately fond of the little fellow, was told off to read to him the Psalms for the day, and a chapter in the Bible.

Many have wondered how Mrs. Wesley could succeed in inculcating all these lessons. She *taught* them. The children were not told what to do, and then whipped into the doing of it. She more than any one held the love of each child, and she gently and lovingly *led* each into the path of duty. The children learned to think with her of the importance and reasonableness of duty. We never in after years hear from any one of them a word of complaint, as against undue restriction, or of rebelliousness against the yoke borne in youth. In Wesley's most humble confession he never names any approach to disobedience in his childhood; nay, he looked upon his earliest years as his best.

Some features of this discipline will reappear when Wesley founds his school at Kingswood. For some years matters went on very well. "Never were children in better order," wrote the happy mother, rejoicing in the success of her labours; "never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents."

But the peaceful flow of this family

¹ Kirk's *The Mother of the Wesleys*, p. 145.



REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, RECTOR OF EPWORTH,
JOHN WESLEY'S FATHER

Reduced facsimile of the copperplate frontispiece of his Latin
Commentary on Job, published in 1736.

history was destined to be most rudely checked. The fidelity of the Rector in rebuking the sins of his people, and his activity in promoting the election of an unpopular candidate for Parliament, perhaps added to their ignoble envy of a family so greatly exalted above themselves, excited the ire of his boorish parishioners, and they set fire to his parsonage.

John, by a merciful providence, escaped; a brand plucked from the fire, as he afterwards wrote.

Mrs. Wesley, in a letter written soon after the event, says—

"When we were got into the hall, and were

John Wesley, Evangelist

surrounded with flames, Mr. Wesley found he had left the keys of the doors above stairs. He ran up and recovered them a minute before the staircase took fire. When we opened the street-door, the strong north-east wind drove the flames in with such violence, that none could stand against them. But some of our children got through the windows, the rest through a little door into the garden. I was not in a condition to climb up to the window; neither could I get to the garden-door. I endeavoured three times to force my passage through the street-door, but was as often beat back by the fury of the flames. In this distress I besought our blessed Saviour for help, and then waded through the fire, naked as I was, which did me no farther harm than a little scorching my hands and my face. When Mr. Wesley had seen the other children safe, he heard the child in the nursery cry. He attempted to go up the stairs, but they were all on fire, and would not bear his weight. Finding it impossible to give any help, he kneeled down in the hall, and recommended the soul of the child to God."

Wesley at a later period supplemented this account. He says—

"I believe it was just at that time I awaked; for I did not cry, as they imagined, unless it was afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains, and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no farther, all the floor beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a chest which stood near the window. One in the yard saw me and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another (a Mr. Rhodes¹) answered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient: Here I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man and set him on my shoulders.' They did so, and he took me out of the window. Just then the whole roof fell in; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house, where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down! Let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children: let the house go: I am rich enough.'²"

The next day, as Samuel Wesley was walking in the garden, and surveying the ruins of the house, he picked up part of a leaf of his polyglot Bible, on which just those words were legible: *Vade; vende omnia quae habes, et attolle crucem, et sequere me.* "Go; sell all that thou hast; and take up thy cross, and follow me."² (*Works*, xiii. 475-6.)

¹ His grandson, a retired sea-captain, in Wellington, New Zealand, preserved the tradition.

² More recently another relic of the fire has been discovered. In the year 1832, the then rector, wishing to alter the appearance of the garden, directed that a mound of earth standing in it should be removed. Beneath the soil was found a quantity of rubbish, and in it, at what appeared to be the foot of an old staircase, a small thick

In giving an account of the fire to the Rev. Mr. Hoole, Mrs. Wesley thus writes—

"Though Mr. Wesley and I and seven small children were all naked and exposed to the inclemency of the air, in a night which was as severely cold as perhaps any one can remember, and though we had before our eyes the melancholy prospect of our house and goods consuming in the flames, nor knew we whither to wander nor what to do with our little ones that now cried out, as much with the cold and because the frost cut their naked feet, as they had just before done for fear of the fire, yet so deeply were our minds affected with the goodness of God in preserving ourselves and our children's lives, that for a while we made no reflection on the condition to which we were reduced, nor did the consideration of our having no house, money, food, or raiment, for the present much affect us."

Forty years after this event Wesley writes—

"We had a comfortable watch-night at the chapel. About eleven o'clock it came into my mind, that this was the very day and hour in which, forty years ago, I was taken out of the flames. I stopped and gave a short account of that wonderful providence. The voice of praise and thanksgiving went up on high, and great was our rejoicing before the Lord."³

Alas, the dispersion of the children during the building of the new rectory left them at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had been restrained from; and to run abroad and play with any children, good or bad. The effect was "that civil behaviour which made them admired, when at home, by all who saw them, was, in great measure, lost; and a clownish accent and many rude ways were learned, which were not reformed without some difficulty." So wrote the thoughtful mother; but she set herself resolutely to the task of correcting the injury.

John was but six years of age, and would therefore be less liable to suffer injury than some of the older ones. He was received into the house of a neighbouring clergyman, with whom he remained twelve months, during the rebuilding of the parsonage, and for this family he entertained a very strong affection. His mother's care was afterwards specially directed towards him. In a solemn meditation she wrote—

quarto Bible was discovered, bound in strong paste-board and covered with thick leather. It was much discoloured by water and singed by fire. The man who removed the soil was allowed to take the book away. It was afterwards sold by his son to a gentleman who presented it to Didbury College, where it is carefully preserved with the attesting documents.

³ *Journal*, Feb. 9, 1750.

John Wesley, Evangelist

"I would offer Thee myself and all that Thou hast given me: and I would resolve—O give me grace to do it!—that the residue of my life shall be all devoted to Thy service. And I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been; that I may endeavour to instil into his mind the principles of Thy true religion and virtue. Lord, give grace to do it sincerely and prudently; and bless my attempts with good success!"¹ "No one can, without renouncing the world in the most literal sense, observe my method," she wrote, "and there are few, if any, that would entirely devote twenty years of the prime of life in hopes to save the souls of their children, which they think may be saved without so much ado, for that was my principal intention, however unskillfully managed."²

In addition to the teachings of the school-room, each child in turn was once a week privately conversed with, when religious principles were more minutely instilled, and religious duties more closely pressed home. Jacky's day was Thursday, and years afterwards he wrote to his mother—"If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not it would be as useful now for correcting my heart, as it was then for forming my judgment."

The conditions of life in that Lincolnshire rectory were highly favourable to the growth of goodness of character. Self-restraint, self-discipline, and self-denial were daily practised. Reverential regard for sacred things, with unswerving faith in the Divine word and unwavering obedience to it, was habitually displayed. We hear little of high culture in the neighbourhood, but

within those garden-walls homely virtues flourished, and learning and joyfulness and love abounded. "There would be few neighbours with whom the Wesleys could associate on terms of equality; they would therefore be left very much to their own resources. But, as all the family—father, mother, and all the brothers and sisters—were above the average in point of abilities and attainments, this would be no detriment to John Wesley's intellectual culture, while at the same time it would lay the foundation of that simplicity, guile-

lessness, and unworldliness which were his strongly-marked characteristics all through life. His early home training also combined the double advantage of giving him the culture and refinement of a thorough gentleman, and the hardness and power to endure poverty. For, from circumstances into which it is not necessary to enter, the Wesleys were always poor, sometimes even to the verge of destitution."³

Amidst these favourable surroundings young

Wesley grew up. Who then were his daily companions? His brother Samuel left home when John was only one year old; Martha was but three years, and Charles but two, at the time of the fire. He was therefore thrown mainly into the company of his elder sisters. But what sisters! Emilia, at that time seventeen years of age—intellectual, studious, scholarly, beautiful in appearance, virtuous and witty, having an exquisite taste for poetry and music, and passionately fond of John. Susanna, good-natured, facetious and a little romantic, with a mind naturally



SUSANNA WESLEY, JOHN WESLEY'S MOTHER

¹ Moore, *Life of Wesley*, i. 116.

² Letter of Mrs. W—. See Overton, *Life of Wesley*, p. 5.

³ Overton.

John Wesley, Evangelist

strong and vivacious, and well-refined by a good education.¹ Mary, somewhat deformed in body, but whose face was exceedingly beautiful, a fair and legible index to a mind and disposition almost angelic; well-informed and naturally refined; humble, obliging and amiable, she was the favourite and delight of the whole family.² Hettie, who had all the graces and gifts of her brothers and sisters, combined with great personal accomplishments and more than ordinary mental endowments (she could read the Greek Testament when she was eight years of age). Hettie was six years older than John; Anne was seven years his senior. The latter inherited all the excellences, social, moral and spiritual, which characterised the family; it was her delight to sit in her mother's room after school hours, to listen to her conversation, or her remarks on things and books. She also was passionately attached to John. This was the state of the household at the time of the fire, and John had five years more to spend in that home before he was removed to school.

"One pictures John Wesley at Epworth

¹ Clarke, *Memoirs of the Wesley Family*.

² *Ibid.*



EPWORTH CHURCH

(From an old print.)

as a grave, sedate child, always wanting to know the reason of everything, one of a group of remarkable children, each of them with a strong individuality and a very high spirit, but all kept well in hand by their admirable mother; all precise and rather formal, after the fashion of the day, in their language and habits."³ There are but few incidents of his home life recorded. John thought deeply upon every subject, and felt himself answerable to his reason and conscience for everything he did: in neither of them did passion or natural appetite seem to have any peculiar sway. "Mr. Wesley has told me," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "that when he was a child, and was asked at any time, out of the common way of meals, to have, for instance, a piece of bread-and-butter, fruit, etc., he has replied with cool unconcern, 'I thank you, I will think of it.'" He would neither touch nor do anything till he had reflected on its fitness and propriety. This subjection of his mind to deep reflection, which might have appeared, to those who were not acquainted with him, like hesitation, sometimes puzzled the family. In one instance his father said in a pet to Mrs. Wesley, "I profess, sweetheart, I think our Jack would not attend to

the most pressing necessities of nature, unless he could give a reason for it." "Child," said his father to him, when he was young, "you think to carry everything by dint of argument; but you will find how very little is ever done in the world by close reason." Wesley, recording this, adds, "Very little indeed." Attacked by small-pox when he was between eight and nine years of age, he bore the affliction with patience and fortitude. In a letter to her husband Mrs.

³ Overton.

John Wesley, Evangelist

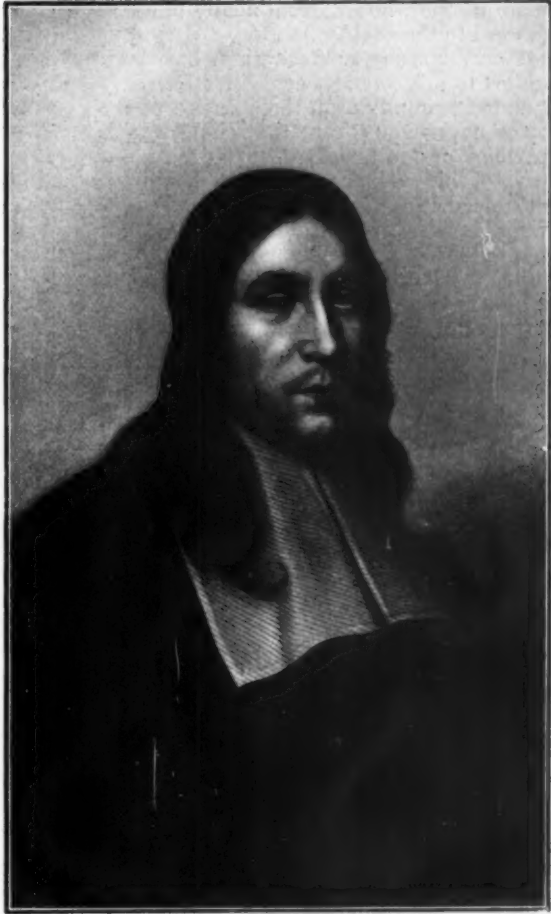
Wesley says—"Jack has borne his disease bravely, like a man, and, indeed, like a Christian, without complaint." With these few facts in view it will hardly excite surprise that his conduct was such that his father admitted him to the Lord's table when he was only eight years of age.

Concerning himself at this time he, some years afterwards, wrote—

"I believe till I was about ten years old I had not sinned away that *Washing of the Holy Ghost* which was given me in baptism [such were his views at the time], having been strictly educated and carefully taught that I could only be saved by universal obedience, by keeping all the commandments of God; in the meaning of which I was diligently instructed. And those instructions, so far as they respected outward duties and sins, I gladly received, and often thought of."—*Journal*, May 23, 1728.

CHAPTER II.—SCHOOL LIFE

THE youthful Wesley was now to pass into circumstances widely different from, all with which he had hitherto been familiar. In his eleventh year he entered the Charterhouse, London, as a foundation scholar (of whom there were about forty, and sixty "town-boys") on the nomination of the Duke of Buckingham, who often befriended the Wesley family. From the seclusion of his rural home to the centre of a great city, and from the companionship of sisters to the company of a hundred youths of varying ages, dispositions, character, and training, was a very great change, and must have proved a shock to this delicately-sensitive and susceptible spirit, however much it may have been tempered by preparatory conversation at the Rectory. In respect of character he was prepared to stand in the presence of any of them, and probably few, if any, had undergone so severe a discipline as he—a discipline that was not a restraint from which in youthful restlessness he desired to be freed, but a habit of life which had the approval of his young conscience and judgment. All that can be learnt of him during his stay at the Charterhouse points to diligence and good behaviour. His previous mental discipline,



JOHN WESLEY, M.A., OF NEW INN HALL, GRANDFATHER OF THE REV. JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

his rooted habits of order, regularity, and obedience, would well prepare him for the routine and restrictions of school life. He had not now to take his first lessons in method, as would many of his compeers; for in his youth he was an adept in these matters, as is revealed by the rigidity with which he followed his father's advice to run three times every morning round the Charterhouse garden—a distance of about a mile—for the benefit of his health. Southey says that for his quietness, regularity, and application he became a favourite with the master, Dr. Walker, and he adds, "Wesley seems never to have looked back with melancholy upon the days that were gone; earthly regrets of this kind could find no

John Wesley, Evangelist

room in one who was continually pressing onward to the goal."

How much soever Wesley may have been inured to privation, he could not but have suffered painfully from the practice of the older boys taking from the younger their portions of meat, so that during a great part of his residence he fared mainly on dry bread. In after days he imputed his vigorous health partly to this fact. "From ten to fourteen," says he, "I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that. I believe this was so far from hurting me that it laid the foundation of lasting health."

The following story, anticipatory of the power which Wesley in after life exerted over multitudes, was related by his brother Charles to his daughter, Miss Sarah Wesley, who inserted it in a letter to Dr. Adam Clarke. "When John Wesley was a little boy at the Charterhouse School, the master, missing all the little boys in the playground, supposed them by their quietness to be in some mischief. Searching, he found them all assembled in the school-room around my uncle, who was amusing them with instructive tales, to which they attentively

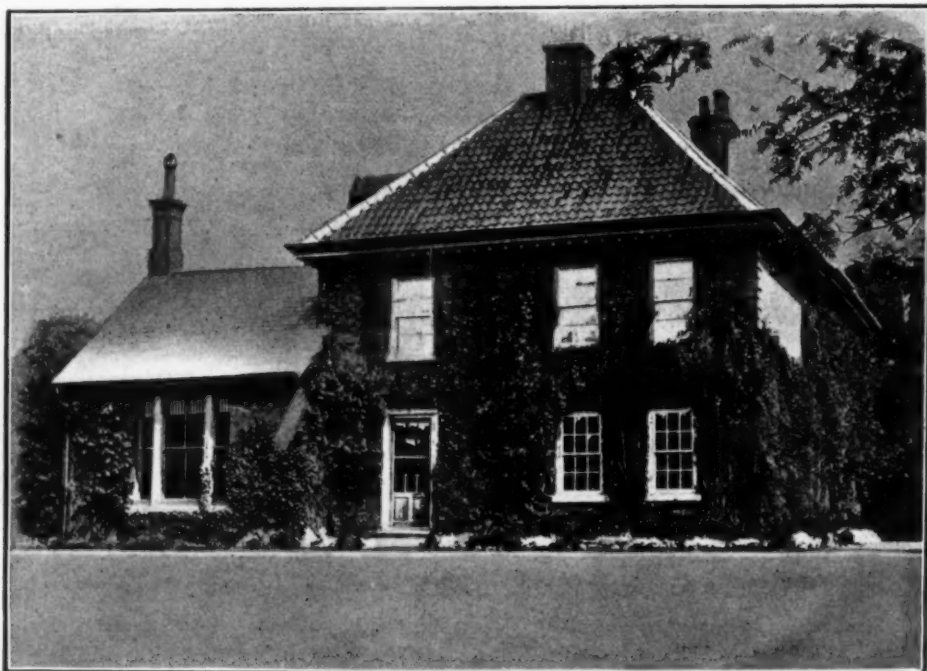
listened rather than follow their accustomed sports. The master expressed much approbation towards them and John Wesley, and he wished him to repeat this entertainment as often as he could obtain auditors and so well employ his time."¹

As to his progress in learning, the testimony of his brother Samuel, then an usher at Westminster School, who kept careful watch over his younger brother, is conclusive. He says in a letter to his father, "My brother Jack, I can faithfully assure you, gives you no manner of discouragement from breeding your third son (Charles) a scholar;" and again, "Jack is with me, and a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can."²

As to his moral state he afterwards wrote—"The next six or seven years were spent at school, where, outward restraints being removed, I was much more negligent than before, even of outward duties, and almost continually guilty of outward sins, which I knew to be such, though they were not scandalous in the eyes of the world. However, I still read the Scriptures, and said

¹ Stevenson, *Wesley Family*, p. 483.

² Moore.



EPWORTH PARSONAGE

my prayers morning and evening. And what I now hoped to be saved by was, (1) Not being so bad as other people; (2) Having still a kindness for religion; and (3) Reading the Bible, going to church, and saying my prayers."¹

Tyerman is hasty enough to conclude from this that Wesley "entered the Charterhouse a saint, and left it a sinner."

He is justly rebuked by the more cautious words of a very careful and life-long student of the entire round of Wesleyan and Methodist history, and who is probably more familiar with the details than any living man at the present time—Dr. James H. Rigg—who says, referring to Wesley's words just quoted—"Such is the sentence which Wesley, the sternest of judges in such a case, pronounced on his own moral and religious state when he was at the Charterhouse—a sentence pronounced, it must be remembered, at a time when all Wesley's judgments as to such cases were far more severe than they became as revised, after many years' experience, in his later life. It was in 1738 that he so wrote of himself. It is clear that Wesley never lost, even at the Charterhouse, a tender respect for religion, the fear of God, and the forms of Christian propriety. That he was at this time unconverted there can be no doubt; but when Mr. Tyerman, with such awful emphasis, tells us that having gone to the Charterhouse a 'saint'-child at ten years of age, he left it 'a sinner' at seventeen, he uses language which can scarcely fail to convey an altogether exaggerated impres-

¹ *Journal*, May 24, 1738.

(To be continued.)

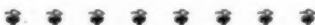


CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL

(From an old print.)

sion as to the character of the boy's moral and spiritual faults and failings. Isaac Taylor says with reference to the privations and oppressions which Wesley endured at school, 'that he learned as a boy to suffer wrongfully with cheerful patience, and to conform himself to cruel despotisms without acquiring either the slave's temper or the despot's.' For my part I cannot help thinking that not a little grace must have been still working in the soul of the brave and patient boy, to enable him to bear himself as he did. Wesley must have carried a heart, not only bright and hopeful, but forgiving, not only elastic and vigorous, but patient and generous, or he could not have looked back in after days on the years spent at the Charterhouse, not merely without bitterness, but with pleasure, and, to use Southey's phrase, have retained so great a predilection for the place, that he made it his custom to walk annually through the scene of his school-boy years. It was no slight evidence of at least the powerful restraining influence of religion, that Wesley passed through such an ordeal as his six or seven years' residence at the Charterhouse without contracting any taint of vice."²

² *The Living Wesley*.



The Living Mummies of Far Tibet

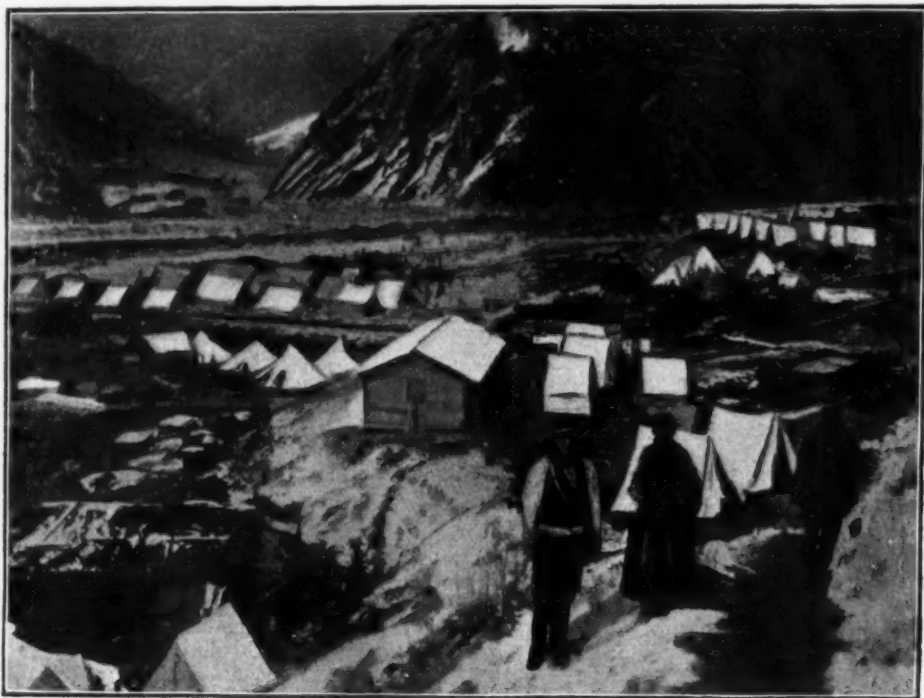
BY LIEUT.-COLONEL L. A. WADDELL

AUTHOR OF "THE BUDDHISM OF TIBET," "AMONG THE HIMALAYAS," "THE TRIBES OF THE BRAHMAPUTRA," ETC.

A FEW days after our arrival at Gyantse in April 1904, the people of that town and the neighbouring villages—men, women and children—came flocking in scores into the Mission camp, bringing in all kinds of available stores for sale, laden

Lamas or priests brought out their sacred scrolls and images and bargained them for cash, and everybody seemed supremely pleased, never having had so much money in their lives before.

When this amicable state of affairs had



CHUMBI CAMP IN SNOW, TIBET MISSION

on their backs or on strings of yaks and asses. They brought large quantities of grain and fodder for the transport animals, provisions and vegetables for the men, besides handsome carpets, woollen rugs and other local produce. The almighty rupee worked wonders. There was nothing the people were not willing to sell in exchange for it. They would take off their turquoise earrings and other ornaments and press you to buy them as curios. Even the sleek

been going on for about a fortnight, and everybody appeared so friendly, and our scouts reported that all was quiet up and down the valley for over a day's journey on either side, we thought it was then safe for us to venture out for a little sight-seeing in the vicinity. One of the first places we decided to visit was a curious hermitage we had heard of amongst the mountains, about fourteen miles down the valley on the road to Shigatze, the western capital of Tibet,

Living Mummies of Far Tibet

where it was reported that the hermits were sealed up in dark caves like burial-vaults and kept imprisoned there, never seeing the light or any human being until they died, "ruined in body and shattered in soul."

On April 30, 1904, four of us formed a party to go and see this peculiar community of anchorites in their living tombs. We started off, after an early breakfast, mounted on shaggy little Tibetan ponies, accompanied

or four miles broad, and dotted freely over with the trim whitewashed cottages of the farmers nestling in clumps of trees—for this is one of the many misleading fallacies of travellers' tales which we have had to get rid of, namely, that Tibet is a vast treeless and barren plain, peopled by roving pastoral nomads, whereas here we have a settled peasantry engaged in agriculture in a fairly well wooded and hilly country. Here we now reined up and went along



TIBET MISSION, HEADQUARTERS STAFF

FRONT ROW: MAJOR BRETHERTON, D.S.O., CHIEF OF SUPPLY—GENERAL MACDONALD, C.B.—MAJOR IGGULDEN, CHIEF STAFF OFFICER—LIEUT.-COLONEL WADDELL, C.I.E., PRINCIPAL MEDICAL OFFICER

BACK ROW: CAPTAIN ELLIOTT, R.E., FIELD ENGINEER—LIEUT. BIGNELL, A.D.C.—LIEUT. MANSON, BRIGADE TRANSPORT OFFICER

by a guide and four of the Sikh mounted infantry, the latter to hold our ponies and assist in our defence in the remote possibility of our encountering any hostility.

Our road at first led past the town of Gyantse, dominated by its towering castle, which from afar glittered in the early sunshine like a jewel on the bosom of the plain. Thence we cantered through suburbs out on to the open plain beyond, where the many-armed Nyang river wound in curving links through the rich meadow-land, three

at a walk to enjoy the scenery and drink in the piquantly fresh air. From the meadow, hemmed in by bare brown hills, the glistening white monasteries which studded the hill-sides of the priest-ridden land led the eye up to the harsh peaks softened by freshly-fallen snow gleaming against the sapphire sky.

It was a perfect spring morning! All Nature was vibrating with the joy of new-found life. The frost-bitten land had thawed under the few weeks' genial sun,

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and through the soft soil by the roadside and on the borders of the fields fresh green shoots were pushing themselves up alongside the deep olive beds of pale blue iris lilies and the pink clumps of dwarf primulas and saxifrage already begemming the ground amongst the yellow gorse-bushes. From every hamlet the cottagers had swarmed out into their fields, and were busily ploughing and sowing in the glorious sunshine, forming pleasant bits of bright colour. The men were ploughing with oxen gaudily bedecked with tufts of wool dyed scarlet and blue, with tassels of dyed yaks' tails and jingling bells; whilst the women followed close behind as the sowers. Some were humming snatches of song in light-heartedness, or at pleasing visions of the new season's crops. Amongst the poplar and tall willow trees surrounding the trim homesteads neatly whitened and picked out with red ochre, and amongst the pollarded willow-bushes fringing the numerous irrigation channels, flitted rosefinches, pert little tits, cinnamon sparrows, doves and warbling thrushes, all busy pairing and nest-building; and beyond in the fields real European larks were singing skyward above the foraging red-legged crows, magpies and ravens. Occasional flocks of snow pigeons whirled swiftly past us, and a few wild duck and geese, scaring the partridges and hares from their cover

and the terns from their trout-fishing, settled amongst the reedy hummocks fringing the turquoise pools on the river, where they breed.

From this genial valley, brimming with life, our guide turned us abruptly, about the twelfth mile, up into a small, lonely glen, and at once the scene was changed. A bare stone-strewn valley stretched away up to savagely grim hills, and up in its throat, where it narrowed into a rocky ravine, we could discern, about a mile away, the hermitage we were in search of. The small streamlet of the valley was hushed and silent, choked by the stones fallen from the hill-side and from the moraine of a dead glacier above. On the rocky cliff were dotted about irregularly the sombre cells of the buried anchorites, and the smoke from the cooking fires of their attendants hung ghostlike in gauzy drifts over all. Below, as if in mockery, in a grove of wild rose-bushes, blasted-looking as their dead foliage of last year had not yet dropped, some peach trees had burst into luxuriant pink blossom, whilst above, a hoary willow tree watched solitary over the living graves.

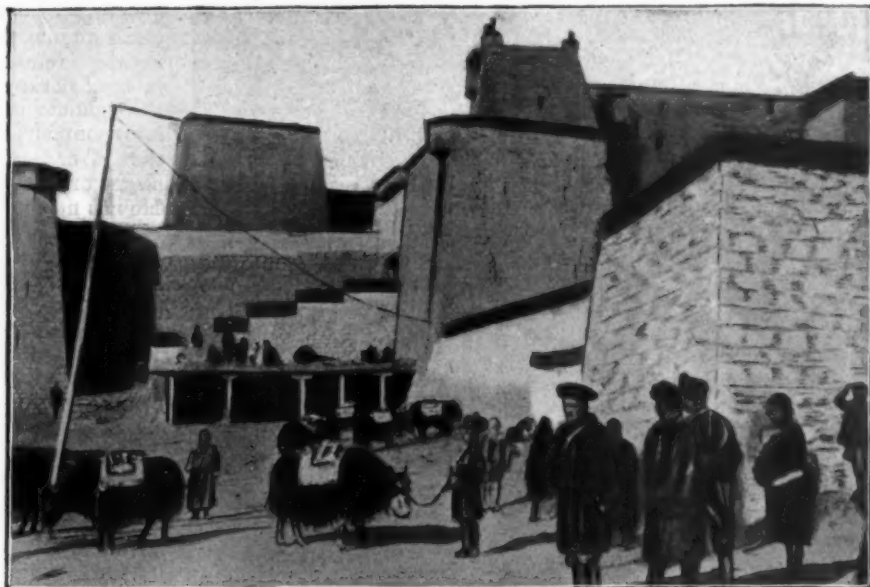
Disturbed by our clatter over the stones, some of the attendants came out and met us. They had not the appearance of the ordinary Tibetan monks or priests—the "Lamas."

They were thinly clad, not in monkish robe, but more like laymen. Their hair was not cropped or tonsured; it hung down in long matted locks on the shoulder, giving a shaggy wild look, or it was loosely knotted upon the crown as with the Indian ascetics, the *jogis* or *fakeers*. It was not plaited into a pigtail as with laymen. Altogether this mode of doing up their hair gave them at once the look



TIBET MISSION: HEADQUARTERS OFFICES AT CHUMBI

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PHARI FORT (14,370 FEET ABOVE THE SEA) COMMANDING CHUMBI VALLEY, TIBET.
TIBETANS AND YAKS IN FOREGROUND

of Indian devotees, rather than Tibetans. They told us that they too were hermits of the order. They had only undergone, so far, entombment for the first or second stage, namely, for six months or for the period of three years, three months and three days, and had not yet taken the vow for the third or final stage, the plunge for life. Meanwhile, they attended upon their holier brothers, carrying food for them, entombed for life. The euphemistic name they gave their hermitage was "The Cave of Happy Musing on Misery" (*Nyang tö-ki P'u*).

We were then led up a narrow winding path

and across a stone-flagged court to their small chapel. Above the door hung two stuffed bear-skins, which they explained were their symbols or coat-of-arms as "cave-dwellers" in the mountains. Inside



AT THE GATE OF PHARI FORT, TIBET, 14,370 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

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By kind permission of "The Daily Graphic"

THE MONKS OF GYANTSE PROMISE TO ASSIST THE MISSION WITH SUPPLIES

the chapel the chief place in a large fresco-painting of semi-nude Indian-looking ascetics on the wall above the altar was given to the patron saint of their order, the Tibetan hermit Milaräpa. This hermit was a sort of wizard poet who lived in the eleventh century A.D. and had his chief hermitage on the flanks of Mount Everest, about 150 miles from here. The next place was given to an Indian wizard named Saraha, who they said founded this particular hermitage.

From this chapel we were led at our special request to the "caves." These to the number of over twenty are perched irregularly on the rocky hill-side, and have their entrance built up solidly with stones and mortar, leaving a stout padlocked door for entry. The only other opening besides this, and a small drain as a sewer, is a tiny doored opening, about six inches square, like the door of a rabbit-hutch, only just sufficiently large for the hermit to pass out a hand for his daily dole of parched grain and water. The former food is tied in a napkin, and deposited on a narrow sill outside the small window hole, and the water is poured into a small saucer-shaped depression on the same place.

Immured in this dark cell, from the

moment the door closes on him, the hermit remains in total darkness throughout his imprisonment for the first or second stages or for life. He has no means of distinguishing day or night or the passage of time. His only communication with the world is when his daily food is left on the sill, and then he is bound by his vows not to let in a stray ray of light or peep out. He can see or talk to no living person whatever, throughout this confinement.

In the first cell we were led to, there was confined an old hermit who had not seen the light or been seen or spoken to by any one for over twenty-one years! Whilst we were standing outside and pitying the poor man who voluntarily pent himself up in this prison, one of us asked to be shown evidence of the hermit's presence within. Thereupon, the attendant gave the signal which they use when they deposit the food. He tapped very gently thrice on the sill, so softly that it was almost inaudible to us, and then—after ten or twelve seconds whilst we held our breath in a silence like that of the tomb—the tiny rabbit-hutch door of the window in front of us trembled, then began to move, and was gently pushed ajar about half-way, only three inches or so, and from the deep gloom within came slowly faltering forth A GLOVED HAND! This was all! It protruded about four inches on to the stone-slab sill, and slowly fumbled there for two or three seconds, and finding nothing it returned trembling, as in a palsy, and the door slowly closed like a snail retreating into its shell, and nothing broke the agonising silence save, as I fancied, a suppressed moan. The whole action was muffled like a dream, so slow, so stealthy, so silent and creepy. In the daylight it

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was unearthly and thrillingly horrible. Only a *gloved hand*! so the stimulus of light is even denied to his hand, another drop in the cup of his misery. It was difficult to realise that a human being could be so confined voluntarily. It was only fit for a caged wild beast

From this cave we went to four or five others, and it was all the same sickening sight, and it was remarkable that the gloved hands of even the younger men trembled as much as the older.

The last cell at which we stopped was that of a very old man, who had been in this cave for over twenty-two years and had just died the previous day. He had not removed his food for several days, when the senior attendant getting no response to his taps, knocks and inquiries, unlocked the door and found that the poor old inmate was dead. Our request to be allowed to see the body was not acceded to, as it was alleged that no one, not even another monk except the senior one, was allowed to look on the corpse as it was deemed too sacred. A funeral banner was being erected at the entrance to the cave, and lamps lighted for the soul of the deceased.

Several young hermits accompanied us on this round, boys of twelve to eighteen years old, each of whom had already put in their imprisonment for either the first or second stages. Each of them aspired to become eventually like this wretched old man who had just passed away and who was being held up to them as a model for them to imitate. Of these poor boys one seemed almost an idiot, and no wonder. Indeed the only wonder is that any one can remain sane after undergoing this terrible ordeal even for six months.

Now what does it all mean? And why do these poor men, illiterate peasants all of



RINCHENGANG, IN THE CHUMBI VALLEY, TIBET, 9370 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

them, voluntarily give up their liberty, their home and all that enriches life and sacrifice themselves in this horrible way?

The reason why volunteers are forthcoming for such a revolting purpose as this, is I think doubtless owing to the fact that about one in every three of the male population of Tibet is practically compelled by the present rulers of the country, the *Lamas* or priests, to adopt one or other form of religious life as a profession. For this particular form of hermitage the "volunteers" are chiefly children recruited at the age of ten or twelve, when they cannot be supposed to realise what it is they are apprenticing themselves to, and once in the grip of the order they are unable to escape its obligations. Thus there is nothing of a religious mania about it.

The evolution of so repulsive a form of hermitage as this is, offers, it seems to me, another instance of the clumsy and mistaken and mechanical way in which the semi-savage Tibetans, sunk in the depths of ignorance, try to imitate the religious rites and practices of Indian Buddhism, which is their great model for orthodoxy, but which they so imperfectly understand.

The average Tibetan, and especially the priest or Lama, is extraordinarily low in intelligence and practically incapable of conceiving any new abstract idea, or the rationale for a particular practice if it

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requires much mental effort. Thus the Lamas in copying Buddhist practices often seize upon the mere externals, and interpreting these in a crude and grossly materialistic way imitate them mechanically and make these outer formalities an end and object in themselves. This superficial mimicry has led them into absurd perversions of the original. So I think it has been in the present instance.

The method of retirement for a time, like John the Baptist, into solitude in the wilderness or into hermitage, was advocated not only by Buddha but by other sages of old, East and West. It was for the purpose of escaping for a time from the bustle and counter-attraction of the world, partly as a matter of religious discipline, but chiefly for a little quiet thought, to adjust their

mental focus for mental and moral introspection, and so lead to constructive independent thought and a clear-eyed formulating of it for personal use or for the teaching of others.

In this way, by resorting to hermitage for a short time Buddha himself evolved his doctrine of the "True Way" of Salvation, and formulated the metaphysical basis on which it rests. So too the patron saint of this particular hermitage, Milaräpa, composed in his mountain cave his rough religious hymns which are still sung by the people all over Western Tibet.

But these poor men here! They are gifted with practically no intellectual assets to start with, yet they imitate the old philosophers in going into retreat to develop them, and then not only for a short time

but for life. It is almost humorous were it not so pathetic. This, for them meaningless, confinement, instead of improving their mental and moral nature, can only result in the gradual disintegration of what little mind they have got. In fact, it was noticeable that none of the men who had passed through the first and second stages were above the average of the low general standard of intelligence, whilst most of them were even below this. One who had passed the second stage was of the low type of congenital criminal, and one boy was decidedly imbecile. But all of them were not fools. The fat old senior attendant, when asked when he was going in for life, replied that it was over fifteen years since he had done his second stage, but he added, with a smirk and a shrug of his shoulders, that he was uncertain whether he would go in for the final stage at all.

As implements and utensils for use in the cave, the hermit is given a rosary, a human thigh-bone trumpet to summon the devils, and,



FROM A FRESCO IN THE HERMITAGE, SHOWING A HERMIT SEATED
IN THE CAVE WITH HIS SKULL-GOBLET

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ghoul-like, as a bowl for food a goblet made out of the top of a human skull. The task set him to perform in the cave consists chiefly in the mummery of repeating some millions of times a spell in meaningless Sanskrit jargon with certain attitudes of the fingers and limbs for the purpose of expelling devils. After doing this, and at certain stages before he has completed the requisite number of repetitions of the spell, he is to fancy that he sees the most malignant of all the devils, those painted-grotesque monsters which disfigure and defile the walls of all the temples in Tibet. Then he is to vanquish the devils by these spells. To conjure up such a vision should be somewhat easy to the credulous and superstitious Tibetan who believes he lives in a world full of devils all scheming to do him harm, and the exorcising of which is a profitable source of income to all the village priests. As a result of this practice in exorcising devils in the cave, the hermit is supposed to earn good marks towards raising himself to Paradise in his next birth. The food for all the occupants of the hermitage is supplied free by the villagers as an act of pious charity.

How pitiful it is to see such wicked abuse and waste of life as this monstrous working theory of life entails on its wretched victims! These poor misguided men from a mistaken sense of duty leave the working world outside and turn themselves into animated ghosts in an underground world where, soaked in the atmosphere of the tomb, their feeble intellect still more benumbed sinks into a lethargy of drivelling imbecility.



Happy Musing on Misery.

Drawn by Lieut.-Colonel L. A. Waddell

Glad were we to get away from this morbid "Cave of Happy Musing on Misery" and out again into the healthy fresh air and sunshine, and back through the pleasant Gyantse valley safely to our camp.

We were, indeed, fortunate in getting back *safely*, for within the next three days the whole valley down which we had been was up in arms against us, and swarming with some thousands of Tibetan soldiery from Shigatse hurrying up to attack our camp at Gyantse, which they did with savage and very unBuddhistic ferocity on the night of the 4th May.

A Street in London



A MYRIAD feet are hurrying on and on,
Ceaseless the surge. The tides of joy and pain
Sweep mingling east and west. The lust of gain
Turns dustward till a paltry crown is won.
Youth gazes forward, clamouring upon
Pleasure to open wide her store and reign.
Ago, as of old, speaks warning, but in vain.
On sweeps day's restless turmoil and is gone.

The sun above spreads gold-dust over all,
Sinner and saint and such as try the ways,
Let loose a little while to work their will,
Garnering or spending, until that call
Draws one or other from the fleeting days,
And quietly lays them where they work no ill.

DAVID McLEAN.



BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY

I

"DEAR, dear, what a calamity!" exclaimed Miss Barbara Ann.

"I don't see how we are to manage," ejaculated Miss Joan.

"A frivolous young thing," murmured the invalid sister, Miss Mallie. As for the eldest Miss Frizel, her feelings were too much for speech; she lifted her mittened hands, and shook her head in mute consternation.

What had stirred the "ancient Dovecot"? Only a letter, written in a sprawly handwriting, which of itself was enough to prejudice the old ladies, who wrote with the care and neatness of a past age.

But the paper had a black edge, and that bespoke a certain amount of forbearance for the writer.

She was the young sister-in-law of the spinsters. They had idolised their brother, who had been the junior of the youngest of them by some years, and solemnly left to their care by their mother.

They had struggled with heart-breaking poverty that *he* might have every comfort, and an education fitting his birth. In their isolated Shetland home Olaf could learn little; so they mortgaged the strip of land and the old house—all that was left to them of a goodly heritage. It was a sore thing to do, because they were passionately attached to the home of their fathers, but "Olaf comes first," they said. So, on the proceeds of that deed they sent him to Edinburgh, where the lad enjoyed life vastly, picked up some education, and a good many expensive habits.

He came to Hammersvøe during summer holidays only; when there was sunshine, and plenty of good country diet for the healthy youth. He was never allowed to know how the sisters scraped and saved, knitted, and denied themselves for ten months of every year so that he should have a well-supplied larder during his stay at home, and carry away a bit of pocket-money as well as what was needful for board and education.

Olaf was thoughtless and rather selfish, and he did not reflect. And the sisters loved him too much. What hopes they cherished for his future! What plans they made, in all of which *he* was the centre of everything. Olaf was to restore the ancient prosperity of their family. He was to make a fortune, and buy back their grandsire's acres, and set them in the old important place of "The Ladies of Hammersvøe Ha'."

When an excellent appointment in Bombay was offered to Olaf they smothered regrets that his first step to Fortune entailed his going so far. They shed many tears, but they gave him an outfit, they blessed him, and prayed for him, and lived their old, sad, lonely life of pinching and working to make ends meet, and Olaf's future was the one star in their night. Then a shadow fell on their hopes. After a brief acquaintance he married the pretty penniless daughter of a deceased Irish officer, a girl in her teens. Olaf wrote in raptures about her and sent her photograph, which the spinsters cleared their spectacles to study. She was lovely, no doubt, but the fringe of bronze-brown hair, the arch

The Boy's Mother

smile, the string of pearls round the slender neck, the set of the proud head,—all these things, which charmed Olaf, did not recommend Aileen to his sisters.

However, they suppressed their feelings, and sent her a shawl and scarf of exquisite Shetland lace, which she thought must have cost a lot of money; they did not tell her that it was their own work intended to be sold for much-needed new blankets.

About a year later Olaf sent the news that he was the proud father of a son, and that he had given the family name to the boy.

Two years went by, the young parents wrote of their child as the wonder of the world, "but not so strong as we could wish."

Then Olaf wrote that doctors said the boy must go home to keep him alive, and would the aunties take little Olè and care for him as they had cared for his father?

Of course the Misses Frizel could, and would, gladly! So the child was sent to England in charge of friends coming there. One of the two cows still belonging to the spinsters was turned into £6, and Miss Barbara Ann took her way to Liverpool to meet the baby-traveller.

How she hugged him! How they all lavished love and care on little Olaf, denying themselves for him as they had done for his father; and, as they marked his likeness to their brother, they unconsciously transferred from the older Olaf to the younger all those dreams and hopes which made the sole colour in the grey web of their lives.

The parents had not ventured to offer to pay board for Olè. Olaf told his wife that they were proud and sensitive, but always seemed to have "plenty," so Aileen believed they were well off.

She sent some Indian curiosities, and her husband put £10 in his letter "to buy a milk cow for the boy's use."

They bought back Blessa, whom they had sacrificed for tickets to and from Liverpool, and she was always spoken of as "the boy's cow."

Olè was a winsome child. Though the aunties did not know it, he had more of his mother's warm winning Irish ways than his father's more selfish disposition. The child brought back life and joy to the silent old house, and even grim Osla Frizel was to be seen bending her rigid back in some childish game, while the stern lines

of her face were relaxed with smiles long since banished.

Olè had been at Hammersvoe about a year when suddenly his father took ill and died, leaving Aileen alone, without means, in a strange land, and with few friends. The poor old sisters were crushed over this blow, but they had little Olè in his father's place, and he comforted them after a time. Their great dread was lest his mother should take him from them, but she made no attempt. She was teaching the children of an officer, and wrote rather pitiful letters to her sisters-in-law. And so two years slipped by.

Then, without warning, she wrote that she was coming home with her pupils, and she added, "May I, instead of going to my cousins in Ireland, go straight to Hammersvoe, to my boy and you? Will you receive poor Olaf's widow as you did his son?"

This was the letter which caused so much consternation to the spinsters.

II

PRETTY young women the Misses Frizel did not like, and suspected of frivolity. Their hearts had never gone out to Olaf's wife. She had always written affectionately of her son, but had never once hinted at removing him from their care; and, though they were thankful for that, they yet thought it a sign that she was wanting in motherly solicitude.

"How long do you suppose she means to stay?" Miss Mallie asked of the family oracle, Osla, who replied dolefully, "Dear knows, she has no money, she hates teaching—she told us that at the beginning,—I expect she means to settle herself with anybody that will keep her, till——"

The others knew what Osla meant, and Barbara Ann remarked with a sniff—"She will not have much chance here. There is not a gentleman within our isle except the dear Minister."

"He is young and very good-looking," said Mallie musingly; but Miss Joan snapped out sharply—"Maurice Lincott is too much in earnest over his duty to think of dawdling after girls. Besides, his income is very small, and he helps his people a great deal, we know. He will not dream of marrying for years to come, dear fellow!"

"I am afraid," said Miss Frizel with a profound sigh, "that we shall not be able

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to have our Minister coming so often to cheer our loneliness when—she is here. It won't do. The folk would talk, and we cannot allow his name to be mixed up with any philandering young woman."

Mallie's invalidism had taught her one or two lessons that the other sisters had not learned, and she was naturally gentle-tempered. "The girl loved our brother," she said, "perhaps she has no such ideas. If she had, well, India was the place."

"I suppose I must write and say we will be glad to see her—may I be pardoned the harmless fib!" said Osla with a short laugh, and then Barbara Ann remarked, "She evidently thinks we shall be glad to see her."

"How are we going to hide the holes in the carpet and the darns on the tablecloths from her sharp eyes? I know they are sharp," said Joan.

"Perhaps," replied Mallie, with a little smile, "perhaps she will set us down for a nest of misers, and never guess the truth."

"We shall have to lose a few of the best hens, and a sheep," said Osla; "we must provide food such as she is accustomed to. Salt fish is excellent eating, and so are potatoes and kail, but that won't do for her!"

"Bother her!" exclaimed Joan, but the more practical Barbara Ann replied to Osla: "Maurice Lincott said, you remember, that if we should at any time want to sell Brunkie he would be glad to have him. The poor old pony is fit for a deal of work yet. I hoped we could keep him for the boy, but Brunkie can't go to better hands than those of our Minister."

Brunkie had belonged to their brother, but stern necessity must come before sentiment; so it was decided that the Minister must have the pony for whatever price he thought right.

"That will tide us over a bit of the summer," said Miss Frizel, "and after that—well, we must just leave things to Providence. We will make the widow welcome, and we will not tell her of our straits until we are at the last of our resources."

"I aye find," murmured Mallie, "that when things are at what we think the worst, then Providence seems to open an unexpected door. You remember how it was when we did not know how our dearest brother was to get a proper outfit, and

dear Maurice Lincott heard the English tourists say they would give any price for our old china. What a lot they gave! And then you know we never expected to see Blessa in our byre again, yet there she is,—through our darling's kindness."

They all wiped their eyes, and Osla said, "God has not forsaken us, sisters, so we will not lose heart over this new affliction."

Aileen was far on her way to England when her letter reached Hammersvoe, and she had told the sisters to send their reply to the steamer's office. She did not seem to doubt what the answer would be, for she ended by saying, "I shall not delay one day in England."

Aileen did not delay. A telegram from Liverpool two weeks later announced her arrival there, the receipt of their letters, and her departure for Shetland. Another wire (which the spinsters thought useless extravagance) came from the insular metropolis, telling of her safe landing there, and informing them that she had secured a place in the mail-gig, which passes through Hammersvoe. She expected to arrive there the following afternoon.

The "ancient Dovecot" was fluttered again, and little Olé was in wild delight. Hours before the mail-gig was due he was watching the road, and the sisters were moving restlessly out and in. At last it came in sight, over the brow of the hill.

The Manse was about half-a-mile from the Ha', and the gig pulled up there to drop a passenger, who lifted his hat courteously to the remaining traveller. Then the gig came rapidly along and stopped at the Ha' gate.

"Here she comes, here she comes!" shouted Olé, running down the garden, and like a bird on wing Aileen lighted on the road and had the boy up against her heart. "My boy, my boy, my little baby!" she cried, and the sisters, who had walked sedately after the child a part of the way, paused, in a group, and felt their heart-strings tighten, as they saw Olé clasp his pretty young mother with a freedom he had never bestowed on any one else. Then she came up the path holding him on her arm, and stood before the spinsters a vision of youthful beauty.

"You dears," she cooed, "you dear, dear old dears. I am so glad! What a man you have made of my frail baby! I must kiss you, every one, you dears."

The Boy's Mother



"MY BOY, MY BOY, MY BABY BOY!"

Kiss them she did, with tears in her eyes, and laughter on her lips, hugging her boy all the time, and reading their history in their pale grave faces with the intuition of her race, the instinct of the Celt.

The postman put down her luggage, and she nodded a gay good-bye to him as he drove away. Then Barbara Ann picked

up the portmanteau and Joan took the hold-all. Aileen set the boy on his feet, and said, "Olè boy, take Aunt Osla's hand and show me the way." Then to Mallie, "You should not have come out, you look tired, poor dear! Take my arm." And drawing Mallie's thin hand through her arm she followed the others indoors.

The Boy's Mother

III

AILEEN'S eyes were indeed sharp, and so were her wits. She had not been many hours in the Ha' before she discovered things to make her ponder.

An excellent meal, neatly served, was ready for her on her arrival, but she saw the darns, the absence of servants, the piteous devices by which her sisters-in-law strove to hide their poverty, and it caused her to lapse into silence very often.

They were not talkative at any time, and less than usual that day; for it pleased them ill to note her smart gown, Paris boots, and lace collar. They were still wearing the "blacks" they had donned for Olaf—rusty by that time, but testifying to their affection for the dead brother. His young wife wore no symbol of mourning. But she had a persuasive voice, with a coaxing accent that stole into their hearts in spite of themselves; and she was evidently very anxious to show her love and respect for them.

She did not monopolise Olé, even on that first day, as they expected she would. On the contrary, when he hung about her she kissed him tenderly and told him to go and tease one of his aunts instead, and by such pretty devices she prevented them from noting his desertion.

Conversation flagged. They were longing to ask questions regarding Olaf, his last hours, his last words, but she turned the subject aside, and they thought her unfeeling.

By and by she said, "You have a charming Minister. We picked him up miles from home. He had been tramping, he said, among the outlying districts of his parish and was tired; so glad of a lift. He talks delightfully."

"Why was he not riding Brunkie?" asked Olé; "Mr. Lincott has got my Brunkie, father's dear old Brunkie."

"Hush, darling!" Barbara Ann hastily interposed, and Aileen saw that the sisters were disconcerted. She took no notice of the child's interruption, but went on, "He said he knew you very well, and often spent a pleasant evening at the Ha'. He spoke as affectionately as if he belonged to you."

"We are much attached to our Minister," replied Osla stiffly; but Mallie said, "He is a good, Christian man. He is kind to the poor, and he has done so much for his

own family. He is educating his brothers, and helps his sisters. They are excellent, energetic creatures,—teachers."

"I should not like to go back to that trade at all at all," exclaimed Aileen, and the old ladies exchanged glances. She meant to marry or stay with them, that was plain. There was a pause of some duration, which the new-comer broke by saying, "I left my boxes at Lerwick. How shall I get them? I—I fear I spent a lot of money on—toys and things—for Olé, and other oddments. It was perhaps foolish, but the shops were tempting, and I thought I should not want much money while living at the Ha'."

They could not rebuke her, but they looked their disapprobation of such short-sighted extravagance. Then Barbara Ann said, "The steamer calls here once a week. The boxes will come by her. I hope you have kept as much money as will cover the freights, which will be considerable if the boxes are large."

"They are." And a little trembling hand went into Aileen's pocket and drew out a tiny purse. She tumbled its contents into her lap, and said with quivering lips, "Two half-sovereigns, one whole, five shillings, and three sixpences. That is all the change I have left. I suppose I am horribly silly, sisters," and she lifted her wonder-working grey eyes sparkling with tears to the worn faces around her.

"It is never right to waste money," said Joan primly, but Mallie added more gently, "If one had plenty;—but, you will learn, my dear."

"Oh, what a lot of money," cried Olé; "I never saw so much before. I never saw *gold* money in my life."

"Then you shall have this," his mother cried, and put her one sovereign in his hand, at which the spinsters ejaculated "Oh!" in various tones of horror, deprecation and disapproval.

"You take the rest and keep it for me, Osla," said Aileen, tossing the money into Miss Frizel's hands. "Sure, it will go in some foolish way if I keep it," she added; and Miss Joan with a sniff remarked, "You are so Irish, child."

Then Mr. Lincott walked in. He was always uncereemonious in his coming and going, and was in the middle of them before Aileen had returned her empty purse to her pocket, or Osla had closed her fingers over the little pile of change. Maurice

The Boy's Mother



"THEN YOU SHALL HAVE THIS," HIS MOTHER CRIED, AND PUT HER ONE SOVEREIGN IN HIS HAND

glanced from one to the other. He saw Aileen's wet lashes, and the quick hiding of the empty purse. He saw the gleaming metal in Osla's hand, and the grim disapprobation on the faces of the old ladies. His greeting was not so cordial as usual, and he took a seat by the girl instead of his usual place near Mallie's couch. And he did not stay long.

"I came to deliver a message from my mother," he said to Aileen. "She is an invalid, and cannot pay visits, so she hopes

you will come and see her. She will be grateful, we have no society here. I am a busy man, and the ladies of the Ha' are busy folks too, so a person with leisure time can be of great use to invalids. Do come soon to the Manse."

"I shall love to visit the Manse," replied Aileen, with a radiant look which went straight to the heart of Maurice Lincott. It was not in man to resist her beauty and her charm. He was conscious that he ought not to allow himself to be captured by her sunny glances, but it was useless to attempt resisting her spells. His face turned to hers all the time. Every word she spoke thrilled through him. His hour—of Love's mastery—had come. He spoke very little, and he walked home in a dream with the touch of her warm, soft hand flaming through his blood like wine.

Aileen retired to her room soon after he left, and the four spinsters sat together, as was their wont, for some hours knitting rapidly and scarcely speaking. At last Barbara Ann, the most energetic and frank of the lot, folded her work, and snapped out,

"There is going to be mischief. Why could not our brother have married a woman of his own age and country? Let us go to bed."

The very next day Aileen called at the Manse, and bewitched old Mrs. Lincott as she had done Maurice. And each day, and every day, she walked across the brae to spend an hour or two with the invalid. She chose the time when the Minister was out on his rounds, so that they did not often meet at the Manse, and he absented

The Boy's Mother

himself from the Ha', but nevertheless they chanced to meet and rejoice in those meetings all the more that both knew they were avoiding each other for good reasons, yet were grateful to Fate for giving those "chance" encounters.

IV

THE spinsters were grieved at seeing so little of their Minister, but they approved his action, and they whispered together, "It must be that she is after him, and he does not like it." They tried to harden their hearts against her, but it was of no use. Her loving ways, her sweet tact, her bright nature broke down all barriers. They began to shrink from the idea of her leaving them, and felt that the old house would be as a desert when her laugh was not ringing through it. They even began to wish that the Minister's brothers were off his hands, and he free to think of marrying.

What games she played with Olé up and down the dim old rooms! What caps for grizzled locks she made out of her laces and gauzes! Her boxes had quickly followed her to the Ha'. Their contents, exhibiting reckless extravagance, were yet so delightful to maiden eyes (though ancient), and she divided her spoil so generously, that they could not reprimand her for such waste of money. By and by more boxes came; and with blushes and tears Aileen explained that these came from cousins in Ireland who thought that Shetland must be a savage country where one cannot get the common necessities of life. When opened, this second consignment of packing cases were found to contain all manner of groceries, and dainties for the table. Also beautiful Irish linen, and some black poplin, and grey frieze, at which Aileen exclaimed, "Irish people are so proud of their own country's wares! But, sure, my cousins ought to know that I shall be wearing light-coloured summer frocks now. However, these will do nicely for *you*, dears."

"Your relations must be very wealthy as well as generous," remarked Barbara Ann, and Aileen answered at once, "They are certainly not poor."

"They will be wanting you to come and stay with them," said Mallie with a break in her voice, and Aileen answered gaily, "Oh, they may want, but I shall stay where

I am. I don't want to go unless you are anxious to be quit of me."

Miss Frizel muttered uneasily, "You are welcome as long as you please to stay, but it might be better for yourself to be among wealthy friends who could—help you so much. You see we are not rich, and inclined to be miserly, I dare say. We can be of no use to you."

Aileen cast down her eyes, always so ready to fill with diamond drops, and said demurely, "You see I want to stay beside—Olé,—and I could not think of taking him away from his aunties."

"God-bless you, child, for saying that," Miss Barbara Ann exclaimed; "we should have nothing to live for if the Boy were taken from us."

"You shall never be asked to part with him until your own unselfish wisdom sees that it may be right for him to go out and do his part in the world like a man," said Olé's mother.

That afternoon she walked to the Manse with a determined air, and saying to herself, "I can't deceive the dear old things any longer. I have been their guest for four whole months. Aileen, you are a wicked girl. You must stop this cruel naughtiness at once."

Seeing the Minister skulk out at a side gate, as had become his habit when she appeared, Aileen boldly ran to intercept him, calling as she ran, "Stop, Mr. Lincott, I must speak to you particularly."

He came to her at once, his heart flying far in front of his feet.

"Let us walk in the garden for a few minutes," she said, "I want to ask you some questions;" and when they were inside the high walls (with which the Shetlanders enclose their flower-beds that would flourish better without those jealous fences) Aileen looked in his face and asked—

"How long have the Misses Frizel been so very, very poor?"

"All their lives, dear, good, unselfish souls," answered Maurice.

"You saw me empty my purse—the night I came, and I think you thought they were robbing me." And she looked up smiling.

"For the moment I had a wrong idea," he answered frankly; "I did not know you then, and I was sure they felt their brother's widow to be alien to them and their life. But you have overcome their prejudices, I know."

The Boy's Mother

"They try to make me fancy they are misers, hoarding gold," she said with a laugh, but her eyes brimming.

"They are really heroines in a way," he replied.

"How did my— their brother not know of their poverty?"

Mr. Lincott's answer was not ready, and he said, with some hesitation, "Olaf was much from home, and younger by a long way. They concealed their state as much as possible. It was pathetic."

Aileen's face was pale when she spoke.

"Olaf was selfish, else he must have seen. I was so young when we married I did not—understand, but afterwards I found how selfish a man can be. I do not speak of him to them because they think he was a sort of archangel, and I can't bear to tell them of things that would show him to have been— Yes, he was selfish. How could he live a day in the Ha' and not see how those dear, dear ladies pinch themselves and never repine, and——" She burst into a passion of tears through which the sunny smiles broke in a flood that dazzled poor Maurice.

"Oh, Mr. Lincott, how could he, how could he take from their thin worn hands what he did, and not see? The dear, martyred old Things! Sure, it breaks my heart to think of it."

The Minister was desperately in love, but his judgment was clear, and he answered, "You have guessed truly. They martyred themselves for their brother, and—are doing likewise for his son. As



"I AM GOING TO BE THE FAIRY GODMOTHER OF HAMMERSVOE, IF ITS MINISTER WILL LET ME"

you fully comprehend their noble, selfless devotion——" And there he stuck fast. But Aileen took up the broken remark—"Since I know the truth, why am I living as Olaf did on the poor dears? That is what you were thinking, and some day I shall give you the reason. But at present I have to ask you another question on another point. Why don't you come and see them as you used to do? They say you were in and out almost every day. You haven't been at the Ha' for a fortnight. And why do you run out of the back-door of the Manse when I come in at the front?

The Boy's Mother

Sure, that is not like a civil host, Mr. Lincott, nor like a friend, and horribly unlike a Minister."

He did not reply at once; and, glancing at him, Aileen saw that in his face which frightened her into silence. They walked along the path silently for a minute, and then Maurice stood still and said in the low tone of suppressed emotion, "It is best that I speak frankly. I cannot bear that you should misunderstand me. From the moment that we met I have loved you with all my heart. I could not help it. No man could. But I am not in a position to seek the love of any woman. There are many dependent on me. I have a duty to my congregation which must come before all personal considerations. I had the offer of a better living in a Scottish city, but God put me in my father's place here to minister to a poor and primitive flock. I understand them, and have an influence over them which no other minister could gain. I dare not desert my people even to win you. Oh, Aileen, if you could only guess how much it has cost me to turn from such a dream."

"I have guessed," she whispered, and timidly slipped her hand into his, but he put it from him with a gesture almost fierce in its intensity.

"Don't tempt me," he said. "I love you, I love you, but I am master of myself still. I can obey conscience even when your lovely face is looking at me with—oh, those tender eyes, Aileen, Aileen!"

"Would you take my hand," she faltered, "if it were full of gold? Would you ask me to love you if I could bring prosperity to every one we love? If I could help you in your work, if I were to say that I shall not be happy without your love? Maurice Lincott, I am a rich girl. An old uncle of mine left a large fortune, and I got some of it. So I came home from India to make folk happy if I could. But I thought Olaf's sisters did not love me, and I wanted to be loved—not for my money, but for *myself*. So I did not tell them about uncle's legacy. And *now* I know well that I am really loved just because I am—me!! I am going to buy back the Frizel lands for little Olè and his aunties. I am going

to be the fairy godmother of Hammersvoe, if its Minister will let me. And the dear old dears at the Ha',—how they will lift their hands and eyebrows! They love me *now*, and I—I love and reverence them. They love and reverence their Minister. Won't he let me follow their example?" And once more the soft hand sought his, not to be rejected, though he faltered some objections to "tying her to the quiet life of a Shetland Manse." But Aileen would not be denied, and as usual had her way. By and by they went to his mother, and as Aileen knelt by her chair, Maurice told the story.

Then together they walked to the Ha' in the twilight; and so softly did they enter that their coming was not heard.

Low and plaintive rose the sound of Miss Mallie's voice as she crooned over Olè before he went to bed.

Click, click went the knitting-pins of Barbara Ann and Joan, while whirr, whirr, whirr purred Miss Osla's spinning-wheel.

The sisters were employed as usual in fighting the grim wolf who had stood so long at their door. But he vanished for ever as Aileen crossed the threshold where the wolf's shadow rested. She flitted into the room closely followed by Maurice, and she spoke in the tremulous accents of deep happiness.

"I have brought the Minister to explain his long absence. I have forgiven him, and I know you will do the same. You dear Things! How happy we shall all be with old uncle's money!"

She knelt by Mallie, and kissed the boy, and, half-crying, half-laughing, added, "Olè is to have Brunkie again, for the Minister is going to mount a big horse; perhaps a motor-car! And there is to be a pair of ponies and a phaeton at the Ha'. And the Misses Frizel will go out driving in their silk gowns to see that everything is going on all right upon their estate. Oh, you dears, you dear, dear old dears! I am so thankful, I must cry."

Cry she did, but she laughed too while Maurice explained the whole story, at which the spinsters could only lift their eyes and hands and exclaim: "The Lord is merciful! Praise to His Name."



The late Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I.,¹

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BENGAL

ONE sometimes hears the remark that the Indian Civil Service is the finest service of its kind in the world, and in the opinion of the writer this is a true saying. Open, practically, to all of British nationality—for it is not, like the Diplomatic Service for example, hedged in by the shadowy but no less real barrier of caste—the Indian Civil Service offers to any young man of talent and industry a career, the equal of which for usefulness and far-reaching beneficent activity he is not likely to find at home, or indeed anywhere else. It was the good fortune of Sir John Woodburn to enter this service at the early age of twenty, and while still to all appearance little beyond his prime, to carry off the blue ribbon of his profession, the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal. But splendid as are the careers of successful Indian civilians, their names are, to a lasting discredit, almost unknown to the vast majority of their fellow-countrymen; and while this short record is penned partly from a desire to pay an affectionate tribute to one of the best of men and dearest of friends, the hope is also entertained of making known to a wider circle something of a life and career

which were, in every sense of the word, great.

Sir John Woodburn was born at Barrackpore on July 13, 1843, but his earlier years were spent chiefly in Ayrshire—partly in the town of Ayr, and partly at the old country house of Camlarg, near Dalmellington.

One could scarcely find a more healthful or more attractive environment for an active lad than the breezy sands, the pleasant hills and dales, that lie about the sunny Bay of Ayr, or the bracing uplands on the confines of Ayr and Galloway, where Dalmellington is situated. A few miles from Camlarg the Doon bursts, a full-grown river, from the moorland loch that bears its name, and many a happy hour the boy spent, with rod or gun, along its banks or up its tributary streams and on the moors beyond. One special delight was a day on



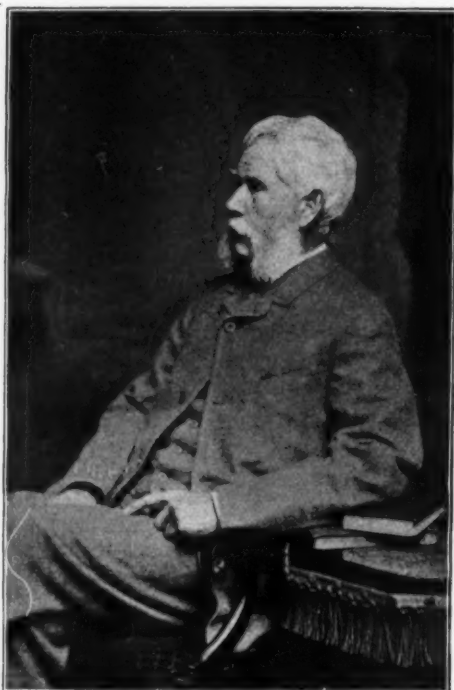
Photo by Johnston and Hoffmann

SIR JOHN WOODBURN IN OFFICIAL UNIFORM

the loch with Bob Gemmell, prince of boatmen, to row and generally assist the young fisherman, and speed the hour when the fish were shy with song or story. Sometimes a summer holiday would be spent in one of the scattered houses at the head of the loch, and then would come long and delightful rambles up the Eglin or Gala Lanes (as the head waters of the Doon are

¹ In connexion with the New Year's Honours of 1903, the *Gazette* contained a notice that Sir John Woodburn would have been created K.G.C.S.I. had he survived.

The late Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I.



DAVID WOODBURN, M.D.
SIR JOHN WOODBURN'S FATHER

called), past granite hills, rejoicing in such names as Mullwharquhar, Carlin's Cairn, Clackmawhannel, strewn with cyclopean boulders, and seamed and polished by primal glaciers, to the Dungeon of Buchan or dark Loch Dee. Or perhaps a long day would be given to scaling the great dome of the Merrick, or exploring the weird beauties of Loch Enoch, the highest and one of the most inaccessible of lowland lochs. To those who have ears to hear, these solemn grey hills have a message and a lesson all their own—a message of calm endurance, of faith in the Great Invisible, of worthy ambition, and we doubt not that the sensitive and impressionable youth learned that lesson well. No one loved more intensely the homely as well as the wilder beauties of his native land, and the one tragedy of his life was that he was cut off, a martyr to his high sense of duty, just as he was preparing to return to these hills, with the prospect of many years of quiet happiness in the fellowship of his nearest and dearest.

Sir John Woodburn was no less fortunate in his home life and its influences than in the physical environment of his earlier years. His father, David Woodburn, M.D., of the Honourable East India Company's Service, was a man of rare kindness,



DALMEELINGTON VILLAGE, WITHIN A MILE OF CAMLARG, FOR MANY YEARS THE RESIDENCE
OF SIR JOHN WOODBURN'S PARENTS

The late Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I.

breadth of mind, and force of character, and Sir John owed many of the gifts which were the foundation of his success to his father and also to his mother. He was, indeed, born with two qualities, both found as a rule in eminent men, but not often combined to the same extent in one, viz. high intellectual activity and an intensely sympathetic nature, a combination which when allied, as in his case, to a keen sense of duty and great powers of application is sure to go far.

Some years were spent at Ayr Academy

natural that he should turn his thoughts towards India. Not only his father, but his uncle, his grand-uncles, and his great-grand-uncle, besides several other relatives, had spent many years of their lives and attained distinction there.

After a short time at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, Sir John Woodburn went up for the Open Competition of the Indian Civil Service, and passed, without the customary aid of tutor or crammer. His final examination was passed with distinction, and in 1863, at the age of



THE AVENUE, CAMLARG

Dr. Woodburn (Sir John's father) and a daughter in the distance.

—an excellent institution coeval with the oldest of Oxford's colleges—and in 1858 Sir John Woodburn left as Cowan gold medalist and dux of the school. He had worked hard and steadily at his classes—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was his motto then as later, and he applied it to play no less than to work. A judge of character could hardly have failed, even at this early period, to predict future distinction for the fair-headed lad, whose features were so full of humour, vivacity, and courage, and whose large blue eyes seemed to pierce every sham, and look down right into the heart of things.

In the choice of a profession it was only

twenty, he went out to the North-West Provinces, labouring there in the districts among the natives for eighteen years. Often in later life he would speak of the value of the experience which he then acquired, and he would try to instil into the younger men his conviction that the surest way to do good work in India was to live for years among the natives, to become thoroughly acquainted with their needs and habits and ideas, and to acquire, as he did himself, a thorough knowledge of their language, colloquial and literary.

Even from the outset he showed a marked capacity for administrative work. He had an aptitude for languages, a retentive, well-

The late Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I.



From Susan's "Scottish Lakes"

LOCH DOON AND CASTLE, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST

In a cottage opposite the old castle Sir John spent many a happy holiday as a boy. The smoke rising from a cottage in the distance shows the place.

ordered memory, and a deep and hereditary appreciation of the wants and feelings of the natives; he was an essentially fair-minded man, while sweetening the whole was the infinite courtesy for which, even in boyhood, he was remarkable, and which ruled him all his life. His intimate friends tell how deeply touched all were by his extreme patience and the beautiful courtesy that never failed him, even during the weary months of his last illness.

In 1882 he became Secretary to the Governor of the North-West Provinces and Oudh, and in 1888 Chief Secretary. Soon afterwards he was appointed by Lord Lansdowne an additional member of the Viceroy's Council, and in 1893 he occupied the post of Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. Later we find him Member for the Home Department of the Indian Government; in 1897 he became K.C.S.I., and in the following year, on the retirement of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal—"the most uneasy of the minor thrones over which the Viceroy is paramount." Though a stranger to Bengal, he amply justified his appointment and filled

with distinguished success his high position. In August 1902, when his long term of office was just about to expire, and he was looking with longing eyes towards home, he again undertook his annual cruise of inspection among the swampy Sunderbunds at the mouth of the Hoogly. This is always a risky matter for a European, and especially so for a man at the close of thirty-nine years of vigorous service. It was followed by a sharp attack of dysentery, so long continued that it completely prostrated him, and on 21st November he passed quietly away.

Such, in brief, was the public life of Sir John Woodburn. Like those of most Indian civilians, it was not perhaps what one would call a picturesque career. There were no great wars to wage (except those most terrible but most unpicturesque of all wars—against famine and pestilence), no mutinies to quell, no provinces to subdue. But it was a career full of strenuous activity, one that called forth the highest powers of mind and body, and affected for good the lives of tens of millions of our fellow-subjects.

The extent of the demands made upon

The late Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I.

an Indian Governor's powers of endurance may be judged from the following letter, written by Sir John Woodburn in 1901 to a friend who had inquired after his health, which had suffered severely from an illness contracted in the same unhealthy district which we have mentioned.

"Here," he wrote, "is yesterday's work:—5 A.M., dressed in train to cross Ganges. 9 A.M., reached Muzufferpore. 10 A.M., reviewed the Behar Light Horse" (of which he was honorary colonel); "gave D.S.O. and African medals, and made two speeches. 12 to 2, received visitors. 3 P.M., inspected the two Government schools and attended polo. 8 P.M., dined with the officers—another speech. 10.30 P.M., attended a ball. 11.30 P.M., to bed like the happy blacksmith."

To any one at home he would have explained that this was no more than the ordinary routine of any civilian in high office in India. In this country few public men would care to undertake this as an ordinary day's work, but Sir John Woodburn's phenomenal activity of mind and body, his alertness and decision, enabled him to do, and to do well, what most men would never have dreamed of attempting. And he had a happy knack of inspiring his subordinates with his own enthusiasm and getting from them their very best.

Sir John Woodburn's gifts as a speaker were exceptional. In private life his conversation had the indefinable charm which Nature denies to all but a few of her prime favourites. As a public speaker he was always fluent and dignified, and sometimes even eloquent. As Lord Curzon remarked, he could always be relied on to say the right thing and to say it well, wherein he differed from many great speakers, whose ingenuity



SCENE ON THE DOON NEAR ITS SOURCE

Ness Glen, showing narrow gorge through which the river Doon issues from Loch Doon. The narrow footpath on the right is all the footing between the side of the gorge and the water.

is never more conspicuous than when they say the wrong thing and afterwards explain it away.

The last few years of Sir John Woodburn's public life will be sadly memorable as years when the grim phantoms of plague and famine stalked through the land and claimed their millions from the long-suffering swarms of India. In 1896 and 1897 it was his special duty as Home Member of Lord Elgin's Council to deal with famine relief, and later, when Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, he had to take steps for the prevention and suppression of the plague. It was largely owing to the energy and

The late Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I.



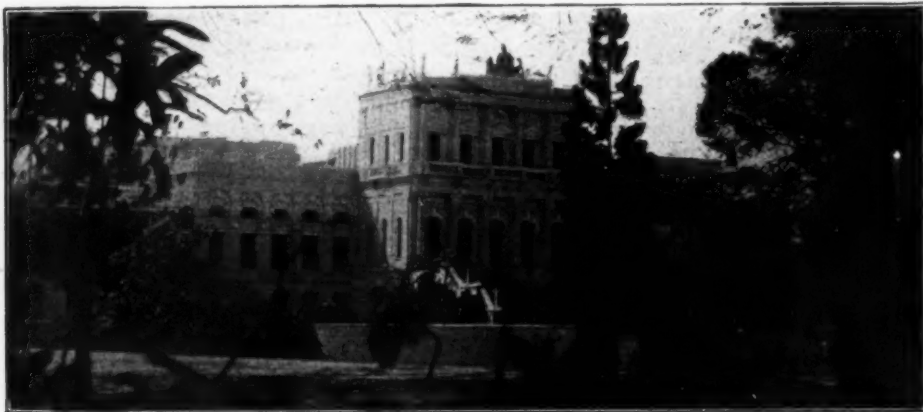
CAMLARG. THE AVENUE FROM NEAR THE HOUSE

and prejudices that a dangerous panic was averted and the plague ultimately reduced to narrower limits. His statesmanlike behaviour during that dreadful summer of 1898, his kind and fatherly interest in the unfortunate sufferers, will, apart from all his other services, make his name remembered and blessed in Bengal for many a long day.

We have said that Sir John Woodburn was born with a highly sympathetic nature. But he was more than merely sympathetic. He seemed to possess in a very unusual degree the faculty (which springs from sympathy touched by imagination and enlightened by knowledge) of entering into and reading the mind and thoughts of other men. As was said of a well-known character in recent fiction, the partition between his mind and the mind of others seemed so thin that he scarcely required to be told what they were thinking about. At the great Commemoration Meeting held in Calcutta on December 12, 1902, two of the speakers, both eminent natives of India, referred to this gift, so valuable in a ruler, but doubly so in one who governs those of another race. One of these speakers attributed his popularity not merely to his amiability or to his sympathy with the people, but also to the extraordinary capacity he displayed for placing himself in the

wisdom of his precautionary measures and his wonderful tact in overcoming native fears

people, but also to the extraordinary capacity he displayed for placing himself in the



LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, BELVEDERE, CALCUTTA (FRONT VIEW)

The late Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I.



GATEWAY, BELVEDERE, WITH SIR JOHN WOODBURN AND STAFF AS ON FIELD DAYS AND BIG OCCASIONS. SIR JOHN IS SEEN IN FRONT, TOWARDS THE RIGHT

be gathered from his own simple and manly words:

"I trust that I may claim to have been throughout my service a friend of India and the Indians. That is no credit. It is certainly no boast. It is the simple duty of every Englishman in India. But to me it has been a quadrupled duty. Four generations of my name have eaten the salt of India, and I am the last. On me it was incumbent to do all that in me lay to help and forward the people of this generous country."

In his address at the meeting we have referred to, Lord Curzon said, in regard to this

position of others, and of looking at things from the point of view of the people he was called upon to govern. The other speaker said that "the facility with which he could put himself in the position of the aggrieved and consider matters from their point of view was marvellous." Only a long life spent in devoted service of his fellows, in unwearying study of their character and needs, could have made such testimonies possible.

Sir John Woodburn's mental attitude towards those whom he governed may

same aspect of his character:

"Who can doubt that he genuinely loved the country and the people? I believe that the test of an administrator who is to leave his mark is not so much capacity—though of course he must have that—nor character, though that is even more essential, but a true and unaffected liking for his work and for the people among whom it is done. Everybody is not born with an instinctive liking for foreign races. . . . I think it should never be forgotten in India that we English came here to do the work that is laid upon us in a foreign land and amid peoples whose ideas and customs are not our own. We are as much strangers and sojourners as Joseph was in the land of Egypt. This is our great



PHOTO OF BELVEDERE (BACK VIEW)

The late Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I.

difficulty and trial, but it is also the supreme touchstone of our success or failure. For the man who throws himself into his surroundings, who sees the best points of the people among whom or over whom he is placed, and who takes them, so to speak, to his heart, is the man who will find his way quickest to theirs, and who becomes a powerful influence in the land. Such a man pre-eminently was Sir John Woodburn. Earlier in his career in Oudh, and later in Bengal, he showed clearly that for him the racial barriers between East and West did not exist, but that the Indians, whether they belonged to the aristocratic or professional or cultivating classes, were equally dear to him with his own countrymen. This was the secret of his popularity and power, and this it was that made his career in India one of unbroken success from the time that he was a young district officer to the day when he died, as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal."

An incident which occurred in Darjeeling shows the sincerity of his feeling towards the natives as well as the innate courtesy and humility of the man. A sacred concert was being held in the Scotch Church, and Sir John Woodburn and his *aide* came in late. Rather than make his way to the seat reserved for him in the front and thus disturb the congregation, this great ruler of millions slipped in quietly at the back and sat, beaming, in the midst of a row of dusky mothers and babies. No wonder that a Hindoo gentleman summed him up thus—"He was a born gentleman. He worshipped in your church with the natives of this country. He was a great man." Many who knew him best in India will love most to think of him as he sat in that church, at the table of our Lord, taking the cup of blessing from the hands of dark-skinned elders.

Sir John Woodburn had none of "the pride which apes humility." He was always kindly, simple-hearted, natural, sincere. As he rose in honour he never failed to maintain his acquaintance with men less fortunate. In the midst of his varied and onerous duties, he could find time to correspond with many a young friend at home, and when in this country he would spare no trouble to visit and shake hands with a boy at school, to speak a cheery word of encouragement in the preparation for his future career. He was always the same, whether amidst the pomp and circumstance of Eastern Courts, passing through lines of huge elephants with trunks upraised to salute the Ruler, taking his part in the quiet festivities of the home circle, or bending to lay a flower on a grave in the old country.

During his lifetime he received many

proofs of the affectionate regard of the native races. One of the most striking was the proposal in 1902, by the native gentry and others of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, to erect a marble statue of himself in recognition of his services to the provinces. This proposal, which is now being carried out, was all the more remarkable because Sir John Woodburn did not occupy a higher position when in these provinces than Secretary.

When he died, a wave of sorrow swept over India, and the emotion shown in Calcutta was compared at the time to that displayed on the death of the great Queen-Empress. On the day of his funeral the whole of the great city was hushed, every place of business was closed, and there was not a house where the good and kindly "Chota Lāt" was not mourned. To prevent disorder, the vast crowds of natives were not at first allowed to enter the cemetery to pay, as they wished, the last tribute of respect to the dead. This they could not understand. "Was he the Lord Sahib of the *Sahib log* only?" "Was he not our Lord Sahib too?" And they recalled how, in his daily rides through the congested streets and lanes of the city, he allowed men of all ranks and stations to have free access to him for the expression of their views, and how the boys and girls—ragged or well-clad—used to flock round him to share the tender and affectionate smile of their beloved Governor.

In the addresses delivered at the meeting we have mentioned, at which all classes, kindreds, and creeds of the people of Bengal were represented, the note of individual and personal affection and grief was very marked. With loving iteration, Englishman and Indian alike dwelt upon the beautiful character of the man, the self-sacrificing devotion of his life, the pathos of its end. To those not accustomed to read the records of contemporary Indian life, the addresses of the native princes, civilians and professional men, much as one would naturally expect from them, would come as a surprise and a revelation. In their grace of diction, felicity of phrase and evident sincerity of expression, they are models of what such addresses should be.

Oneside of Sir John Woodburn's character could not fail to strike all who knew him, and it was this quality which, said Lord Curzon, struck him most of all—he was

The late Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I.

emphatically a good man. Duty came to him, as it did to his father before him, always as the first thing. A stranger might have supposed from his wonderful urbanity and charm, that here was a man who might think of what was politic or expedient first, what was right afterwards. But the very contrary was the case. And this high sense of duty, this tenderness of conscience, was joined to a strength and tenacity of purpose and a resolute courage which were none the less there, though they were not kept on parade. We are apt to forget that such never-failing courtesy and such wonderful charm are seldom the free gift of Nature, but rather the result of long years of stern self-culture and iron self-control.

It may be said that these imperfect notes partake too much of the nature of an eulogy and not enough of the sober estimate of life and character which one might desire. We can only plead that the fault, if fault

there be, lies rather with the subject than with the writer. There are, after all, some lives to which it is not very necessary to apply the merciful reticence of the rule *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and of these Sir John Woodburn was a shining example. He was, in truth, one of those rare and precious spirits who seem to live habitually on a higher level, in a better and purer world than the rest of us, a world which ordinary men can reach only when uplifted by some strong and purifying emotion. Some day the historian will tell us whether or not in his opinion Sir John Woodburn was really a great and successful statesman and administrator. Meantime we, who knew and loved the man, thank God for the pure and kindly soul, the staunch friend, the high-minded gentleman, the humble and devout Christian, whom He sent to live among us, and to be an inspiration and an ideal to all who knew him.

The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards

Illustrated from Photographs by A. and G. Taylor

IT was not until the year 1660 that a king of England found it necessary to keep ready at his hand a permanent army. In the olden days, like the feudal

nobles—and at first the kings of England were little else than the most powerful of the barons—they had found it sufficient to call out the feudal levies, each lord with his



DRUMMERS AND DRUM-MAJOR, FIRST BATTALION, GRENADIER GUARDS

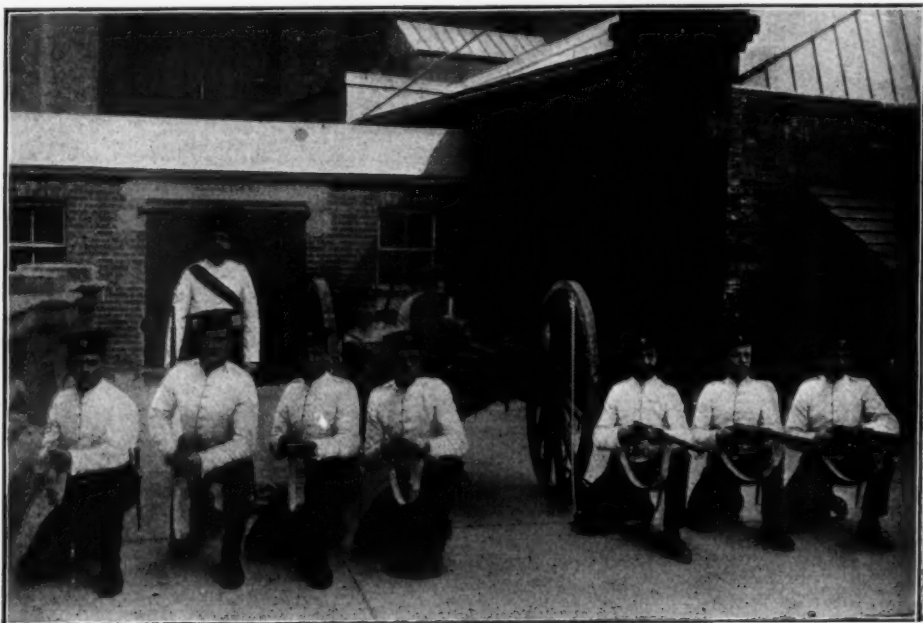
The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards



DRUMMER IN REVIEW ORDER,
THIRD GRENADIERS

under-lords, and they with their vassals in turn. When the feudal system, like all things else, passed away, the King engaged mercenaries, contracted with them to fight for a definite time at a definite wage: when the war was over their master was only too glad to disband them and save his money, and avoid hardly-fought bargainings with his House of Commons for more. But by the time of the Stuarts things had changed; there were not only the French to fight over the Channel, but there were Puritans and Republicans and Independents to fight on this side of it. The first Charles lost his head, and when his son, the second Charles, ventured home again, one of his first acts was to give Colonel John Russell a commission to raise a regiment of Guards to protect the Crown from violence. If we put on one side Cromwell's army, this King's Royal Regiment of Guards, as it was then called, is the origin of the British standing army.

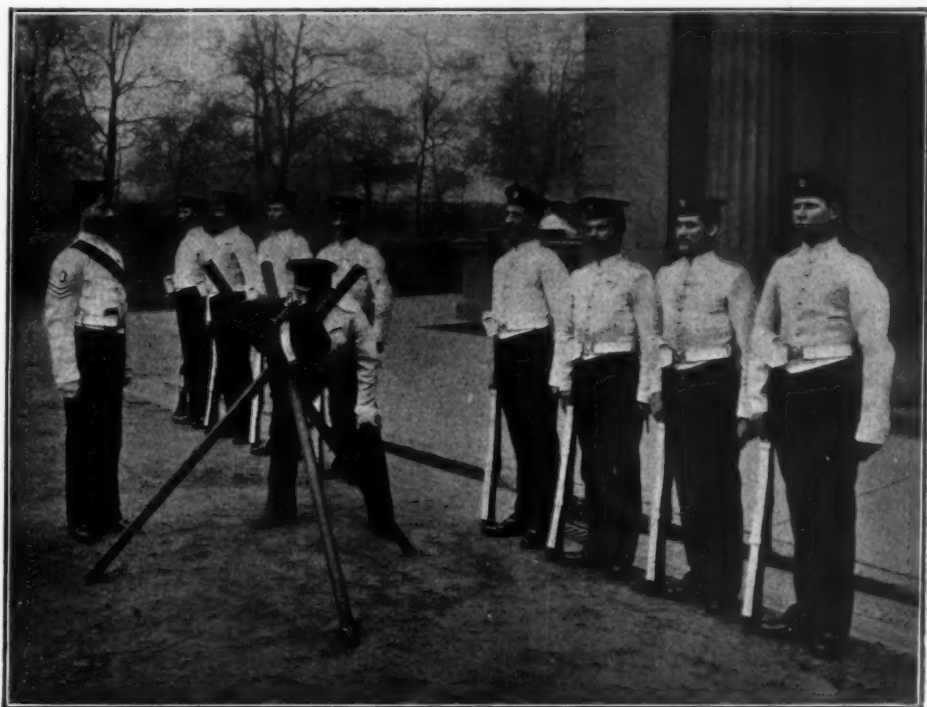
Within six weeks' time, when the men were nothing but raw recruits, a rebellion broke out in London, and the regiment commenced its career by fighting Englishmen. The next exciting event for the members of the regiment was to find their Colonel locked up in the Tower for duelling with a Royal Duke. However, justice was impartial if stern, and the Duke did his "six weeks" with the Colonel. But they soon had some one else to fight than their countrymen and themselves; for the



MAXIM GUN TEAM, THIRD GRENADIERS



SERGEANTS' MESS ROOM, THIRD BATTALION, GRENADIER GUARDS



MUSKETRY TRAINING : AIMING DRILL. THIRD GRENADIERS

The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards



DRILL SERGEANT, AND
THE THIRD BATTALION'S PET DOG,
"MODDER"

Dutch fleet in 1667 sailed up the Thames, and it was a company of the Foot Guards which first fired on them from the walls of Upnor Castle. The check was opportune, for it gave time to sink ships in the Thames, which the Dutch could not pass, and London was saved. But it was not sufficient in those days to be a good fighting

man; it was necessary to be a sound Protestant also, and in 1667 the Lord Keeper issued an order for the summary dismissal from the Guards of every Roman Catholic who should parade at the next muster day. For this evangelical ardour the King was thanked by Parliament.

In 1681 their first Colonel, Russell, was glad to retire. He had no love for the King's Papist habits, and the King himself was glad to seize the opportunity of making one of his unofficial sons, the Duke of Grafton, aged nineteen, the Colonel of his body-guard. The Grenadiers fought in Tangier and at Sedgemoor, and all through William of Orange's campaigns in Flanders. It was at the battle of Blenheim (1704) that they gained their first "honour" for the colours. Marlborough himself had just been appointed to the Colonelcy of the regiment, and he henceforward kept them always at hand for the hardest work. In this battle, indeed, he set them an impossible task. The French had filled the village of Blenheim with their soldiers, and between them and the English was the river Nebel. Bridges were made under a terrible fire, lasting several hours, from the French, and when the Guards, who were first over, climbed the ridge before Blenheim they found the village fortified by an impenetrable paling. In vain they charged up and fired and slashed at the enemy



FOOTBALL GROUP, THIRD GRENADIERS

The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards



BARRACK GUARD ("GUARD TURNED OUT"), THIRD GRENADIERS

behind the bars; they were met by a sheet of flame, and Marlborough called his troops back to shelter. But Prince Eugene had by this time cut off the French by a flanking movement, and the Guards had the satisfaction of seeing the 12,000 Frenchmen in Blenheim lay down their arms after all. While the French sang "*Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre*," the man they were jeering at was bringing altogether novel movements of strategy into play. At Ramillies the Guards added another honour, and the French, who had taken a similar position to theirs at Blenheim, fled—what was left of them, for 20,000 was their total of killed, wounded, and deserters—leaving the way to Brussels open; in short, Marlborough succeeded in doing what Napoleon failed to do at Waterloo. And all this time another battalion of the regiment was fighting in Spain under Lord Peterborough. Oudenarde was the famous battle fought after tea-time, for the French General, Vendôme, thought doubtless that the Allies would be weary after a whole day's march—as indeed they were. Before night fell 11,000 men were killed or wounded. The French were beaten, and Marlborough proposed to Eugene that there was nothing between the victors and Paris. But this was too rash a proceeding even for the most dashing of cavalry officers, and instead of advancing on Paris the siege of Lille was



PRIVATE IN CHURCH ORDER, THIRD GRENADIERS

The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards



BUGLER, BARRACK GUARD,
THIRD GRENADIERS

commenced. At Malplaquet the French had time to entrench themselves behind a maze of earthworks, which were only carried by the sheer rush of the Guards and their allies; it cost them over 17,000 in killed and wounded, whereas the beaten French retired 14,000 short of the number

of whole men who had begun the battle at sunrise.

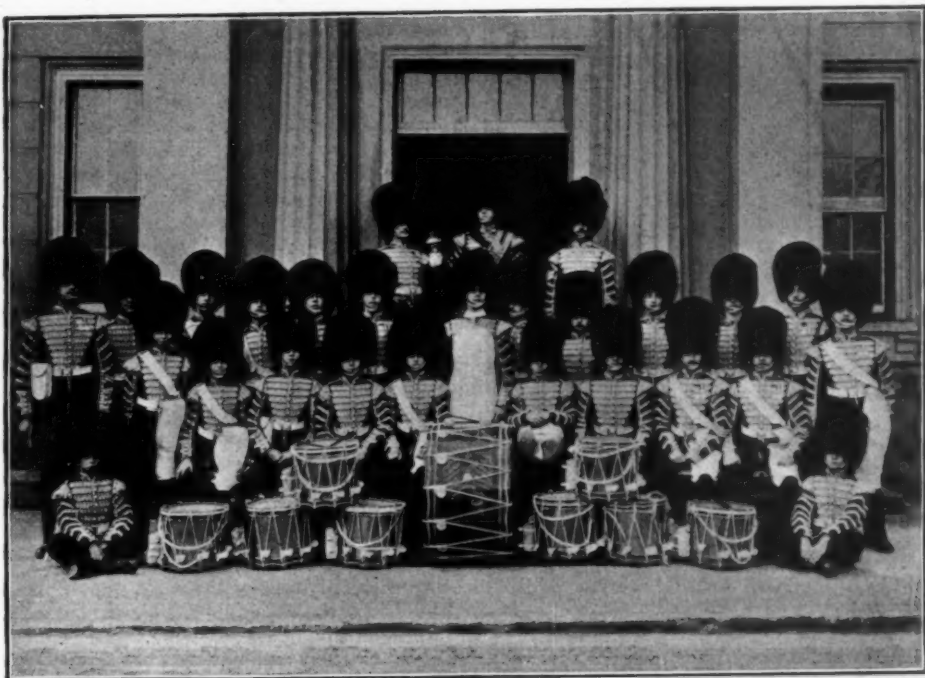
But to mention all the battles in which the Grenadier Guards were present would be to write the military history of England. At Dettingen, Fontenoy, in America during the Civil Rebellion, at Vincelles, in Holland, they have left records of hard work, though it was not always that they could hope to do what they had done when they were led by the greatest colonel who ever took them into the field, John Churchill, who began his career as their ensign, and was most intimately attached to the regiment throughout. At St. Cast, on the north coast of France, the French had an opportunity that fell not in their way every day; they caught the Guards, who had been sent over in pursuance of Pitt's great scheme of invasion, between an overwhelming force and the sea, and only 500 men out of the original 1500 reached the English ships. And then, once arrived home again, two of the officers fought for the honour of having led their troops on this disastrous day. Such is the desire for fame!

In 1769 the working classes were in revolt against the injustice of their lot, and the Guards were called out by an alarmed Government to suppress disorder that threatened its friends, the landlords and the rich merchants. The historian of the regiment, Ian Hamilton, in his important volumes, says, "Detachments of the brigade continued to be sent daily to Spitalfields during the whole of this year to check the disturbances that were constantly threatening." And during the two following years



KING'S GUARD DISMOUNTING. HANDING OVER THE COLOURS

The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards



THE BAND, THIRD BATTALION,
GRENADEIER GUARDS

they had the same uncongenial duties. It was in the Peninsula that the regiment again added honours to its list. They were with Moore when he advanced into Spain with the determination to harass Napoleon's huge army, even though he could not openly attack it. At last the hour came when the Emperor with 300,000 of French troops in Spain was ready to wipe the little British force out of existence, and Moore began his retreat to Corunna. It was terribly cold and wet winter weather; food was scarce, and in the demoralisation that comes naturally with retreat the English soldier lost his nerve; he drank to intoxication, he pillaged; he was unable to fight. The companies who fought in the rear lost fewer men than those who fell out from intoxication, and played the coward. The Guards, together with the Artillery and the reserve, in the midst of this chaos behaved more honourably than their fellows,



DRILL SERGEANT AND ESCORT REGIMENTAL COLOURS
THIRD GRENADEIERS. GUARD DISMOUNTING

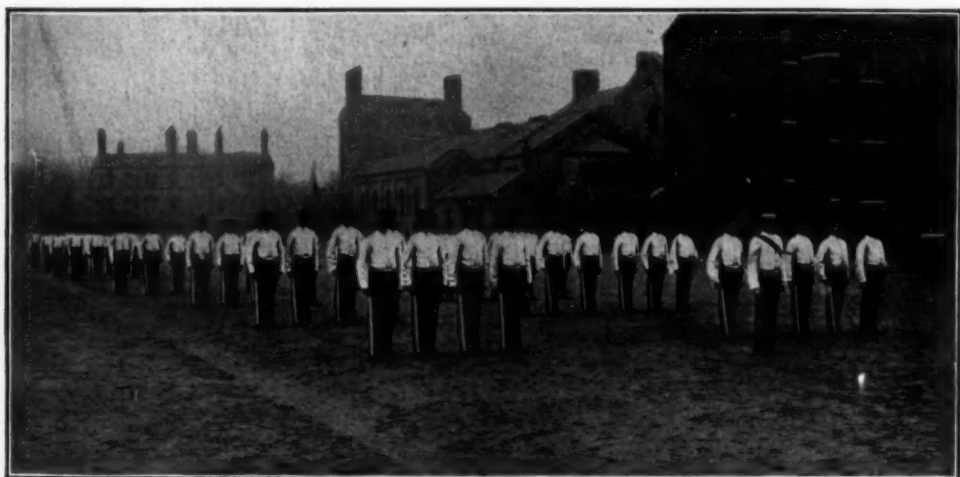
The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards



DRUM-MAJOR, THIRD GRENADIERS. STATE DRESS
and it is recorded that they marched into

Corunna as though on parade. When the sea was reached, Soult threw himself on his enemies to crush them before they could embark. The British rose to the occasion, and with the Guards holding the place of danger they turned the French advance into a retreat.

At Waterloo the Guards made history. The little farm of Hugoumont was the key to the position: to save Europe Wellington ordered it to be defended to the last extremity; Napoleon, with Europe to win back again, ordered it to be taken at all costs. Those few hundred Guards had the fate of many kings and peoples entrusted to their charge that day; and every one knows how the Grenadiers and the Coldstreams and the Scots did what they were ordered to do, and held the farm in the valley until Napoleon gave up the attack in despair, and tried other tactics on the British left. And as the Grenadiers began the fight so they finished it, when they suddenly rose at the word of command and faced the astonished French Imperial Guards, Napoleon's last hope. They poured in a terrible volley, they charged, and Waterloo was won, and Napoleon a beaten man. It was this last charge that gained for the regiment the title by which they were henceforth to be known—The First or Grenadier Guards—inasmuch as they had defeated the hitherto invincible Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guard. Of course, the British regiment had long been using the hand grenades; as far back as 1678 we



DRILL, FIRST GRENADIERS

The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards

read in Evelyn's diary a description of the grenade, which he mentions as a novelty; and goes on to picture the Guards themselves in their "piebald yellow and red" uniform with "long hoods hanging down behind as fools are pictured."

Concerning the Crimean War it is unnecessary to speak in detail; it was a campaign where personal valour shone brightly, and generalship did itself no particular credit. When they stormed the heights of the Alma, when they were surprised at Inkerman because those in command failed to take ordinary precautions, and at Sevastopol, the Guards fought, as the Russians said, "like hot devils," and each of those battles is commemorated by an honour on their colours. It was on the slopes of the Alma that the issue trembled in the balance. The British light division had been beaten

back; the Guards took their comrades' place, and such a storm of bullets met them that the word spread that they would be destroyed. Some one hinted at retreat, whereupon Colin Campbell spoke that memorable sentence, "Better that every man of Her Majesty's Guard lie dead on the field than turn their backs upon the enemy." We find the regiment in Egypt fighting both Arabi Pasha and also the Madhi up the Nile on the march to Khartoum.

Their doings in South Africa are too recent to require repetition so soon. Here we must leave perhaps the most famous regiment on the English list: the beloved of their countrymen, who show their regard even by the nicknames they bestow: "The Housemaids' Pets," "The Sand Bags," "The Coal Heavers." These are some of the pet names we call them.

The next article in this series will be on "THE SCOTS GUARDS," and will appear in our December number.

By-paths in Nature

BY FRANK STEVENS

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN HIVELAND"

Illustrated by Frank Percy Smith

I

THE THRESHOLD OF SPRING

THE approach of Spring is a very uncomfortable period indeed. The balminess of yesterday tempted the Philistine to venture out of doors without a great-coat; to-day he is sitting over the fire. What he will do to-morrow passes the wit of man to discover. He grumbleth sadly about the weather. How curious it is that we do not more easily adapt ourselves to our environment!

Come, my good friend, and let us look for objects of interest: life histories yet unknown to you, base dweller in the town whom Fate has thrown into my arms for enlightenment and instruction. What say you—nothing to be seen? Oh, fie! of course there is. The air, too, will do you good. Well, perhaps there is a touch of east in it—what we call "open weather" in these parts. That's right; tear yourself away from your novel, which will keep

Wrap yourself warmly, for we may linger in our walk: thick gloves and stout boots. Now, come.

How still the garden looks, instinct with that hush which is the prelude to the first glorious burst of Spring! Even now the snowdrops, aconites and croci are pushing their heads above ground and wildly beckoning the early insects to taste of their store before they are lost amid the rapid later growth. So you see, my friend, that, if flowers are blooming, there must be insects, and our walk will not be fruitless. Come into the little wood that lies beside my pond; perchance we may find some sport. How backward everything is! Even the hawthorn has not begun to bud. But you seem singularly uninterested—do you regret your novel and the fire?

Here at last is something to distract your mind—this little twig. Around it is

By-paths in Nature

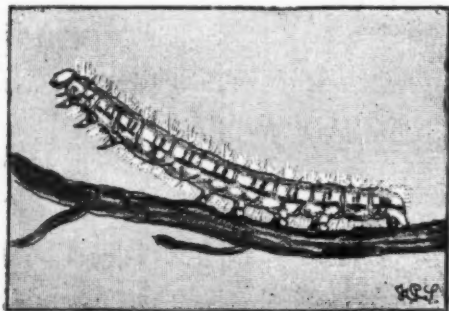


THE CROCI ARE PUSHING THEIR HEADS
ABOVE GROUND

a tiny band of beads, a savage bracelet of Nature's own fashioning, a jewelled collar—call it what you will.

"What is it?"

Eggs. The eggs of the Lackey Moth (*Clisiocampa neustria*). I will slip the slender band from its place. There, it comes away in a complete circle. Take it in your hand, when you will see the little eggs each glued to the other in regular order. Not only that, but if you look again you will see that each egg is shaped like



YOU SHALL SEE HER IN ALL HER GLORY
IN MY CABINET

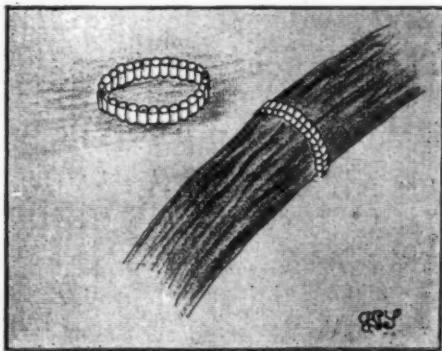
the keystone of a bridge, tapering inwards so as to fit the closer to its neighbour. Like all keystones, they are fastened together with cement, which is guaranteed to be weatherproof.

"Why is the moth called the Lackey?"

Because of her caterpillar coat, or livery of many colours: blue, red, yellow and white, a truly splendid colouring. You shall see her in all her glory in my cabinet this evening.

"Are not the eggs killed by the cold of winter?"

Not at all; their vitality is great. Those eggs were built up into that curious band in the autumn, and by a marvellous ordinance of Nature they will not hatch until the hawthorn hedge has put on its leafy dress, to furnish pasture for the tiny Lackey caterpillars.



A SAVAGE BRACELET OF NATURE'S
OWN FASHIONING

How they do enjoy their food! No dyspepsia for them; no fear of indigestion or gout; each successive meal lasts for hours, and when one is finished another begins. Of course they feel the effects of a solid meal, even as our greedy little school-boys do: a tightness in the region of the waistcoat—or what corresponds to it in the long creeping creatures.

"And then?"

Well, then they pause while the old skin splits and falls off, when they emerge with one that does fit them, for a season, at all events. As each skin grows too tight, there is always another underneath, brighter and more gorgeous than the last.

"What then?"

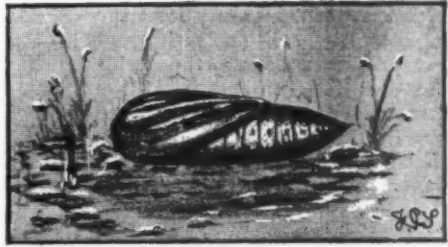
June and July are spent in the sombre chrysalis, where they lie like tiny silent

By-paths in Nature

monks, each in his cell, lost in contemplation. Then appears the perfect insect, a sober little light-brown moth which flits away its brief existence, and encircles some hawthorn twig with just such another ring of wedge-shaped eggs as you hold in your hand, and so on.

Let us now go through the plantation; it is not far, and there is much to see.

Here is a village; a perfect, beautiful, model village. Do you see that heap of pine-needles? That is the dwelling of a most industrious community, the Wood Ants (*Formica sanguinea*). It has much to teach us. It is a fortress, a citadel, an earthwork of consummate skill. Amongst other things, it is an infallible compass. Are you lost? Look at a heap of rubbish such as this; you will find that the south or sunny slope is invariably the longest, and easiest of access. On the north is the



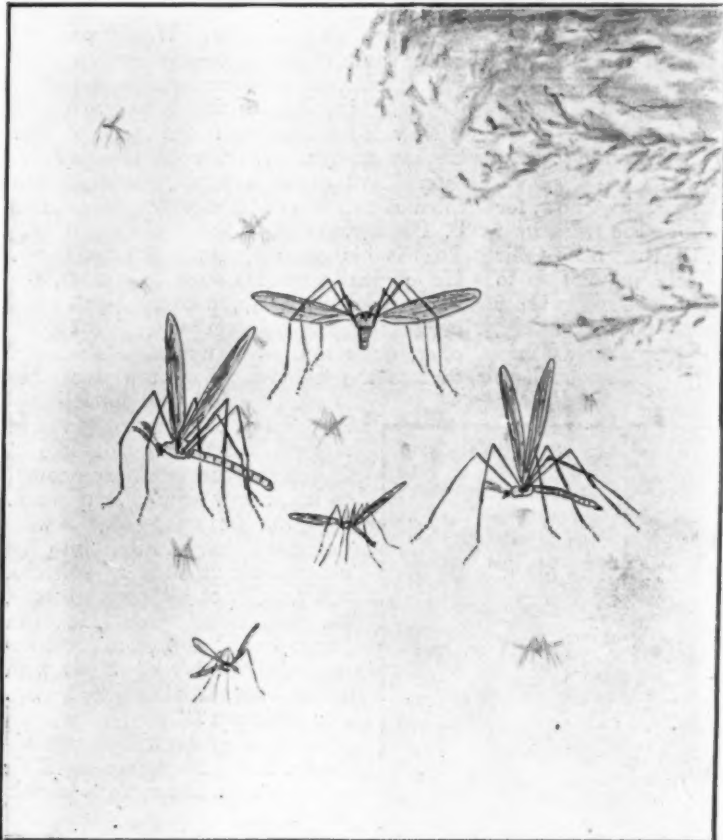
JUNE AND JULY ARE SPENT IN THE
SOMBRE CHRYSALIS

scarp, a short, steep bank, usually overgrown with tiny plants which bind the earth together.

I will not stir the heap of pine-needles and straw that form the thatch of this quaint abode, because our friends the Wood Ants are all asleep inside it, and they might suffer from such wanton damage. But

underneath this roofing you will find a carefully-constructed pile of pine-twigs and sticks, laid one upon another just as Emily arranges the sticks in my study fire-place before she lays coal upon them. This makes a fine foundation. There is something almost Swiss about these little people, for they have managed to haul up an odd stone here and there, to keep the roof from being blown away in a high wind.

All is now quiet in this Ant town; the very doors are carefully barricaded with pine-needles: evidently it is yet too cold for them to venture forth and begin their herdsman's cares on the pollard oak, where live the aphides,



THE NEVER-ENDING, SILENT, COMPLICATED QUADRILLE

By-paths in Nature

which they keep as cows for their community. When the north-east wind has given place to the south-west, and the sun has lifted the haze of departing winter and warmed the ground a little, all will be activity and bustle. Mayhap it will remind you of your own beloved city, with its ceaseless swarm of workers going out and in.

Just peep through those bare branches on the edge of the wood, where the Dragon Fly loves to keep his watch on the baking summer days. Do you see anything in the direction of my pond?

"No."

Where are your eyes, man? Look closer, and you will see the Gnats dancing their weird—almost ghostly—dance in the air; their never-ending, silent, complicated quadrille. These are the Long-legged Gnats (*Tipulidae*), or, as they are called in some parts, the "Tell Tales."

"Why?"

I cannot say. Still, they have a tale to tell for those who can understand it. Perhaps they say, "Spring is coming: soft, gentle Spring."

The thought is comforting just now, for the wind is howling through the trees in a most ungentle manner, till they bend their leafless branches in humble submission to its rough caress. I pity the poor Gnat dancers, though they must be very hardy, or they could not face the weather as they do. Little wonder they dart about here



THE WOOLLY BEAR

and there, up and down. Would you not do the same, if only to keep yourself warm? We thank you, messieurs and mesdames, for your hint that Spring is near.

Now come through the gate of the kitchen garden. Why, what is this? A caterpillar? One hardly expected to see them at this time of the year. You know it, I see, and call it the "Woolly Bear." That is his general name. Pick him up. He evidently resents such treatment, for he curls himself up, pretending to be a hedgehog. He looks very snug in his furry coat; quite a Russian nobleman prepared to face the keenest Siberian winter. He

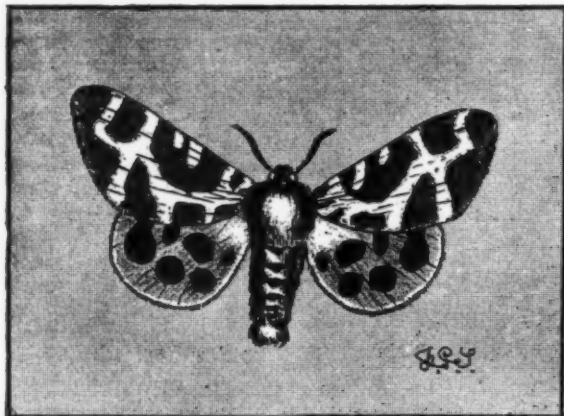
is waiting for the dandelion—despised of old Charles—to have a good feast of salad, like a foreigner, who is clever enough to know how good its leaves are.

By the time that May is with us he will have retired into his cocoon, which is a very splendid affair, built of his own silk and the fur of his coat. He even turns his old clothes to good account, admirably eked out with little bits of earth and dead leaves.

"And then?"

Ah! Then he will change his name, and from a Woolly Bear emerge as a Tiger Moth (*Arctia caja*).

The currant bushes look very bare; but you should see them



EMERGES AS A TIGER MOTH

By-paths in Nature

in summer-time, laden with their rich clusters of fruit, ruby-red, opalescent-white and deep blue-black. How the starlings enjoy that season! How artfully they evade the nets, and creep inside to taste the forbidden fruit; what a rustling and clamour there is when Gretchen, my dachshund, scents an intruder there, and digs furiously with her large splay feet to force an entry for her long, sinuous body, in the hope that she may catch the robber!

But even to-day the birds seem interested. That fat speckled breast belongs to a thrush, I know, and his merry eye seems very intent upon my currant trees. I give him credit for a certain amount of sense. Besides, there are plenty of snails for him, were he so minded. No doubt he has found more delicate fare among the currant bushes; but what can it be? They are devoid of leaves; surely no insect would give them a second thought.

There! The rascal has even broken off a twig, or what looks like one. But he is doing more: he is swallowing it. Now this is not within the possibilities of Nature: no bird was ever foolish enough to swallow a dry twig. We must investigate this matter and see if we can solve his seemingly foolish behaviour. He has seen us, and sped away, flying low upon the ground with a loud chuck-chuck-chuck of alarm not unmingled with indignation.

Now we can see what Master Thrush was doing. Those twigs upon which he was concentrating his attention were living ones—in more senses than one: they were caterpillars. Artful deceivers that they are, they pose as part of the bush, to avoid the searching eye of the early bird, whose appetite is keen on these cold days. Stiff, stick-like persons, Nature has added to them a fine protection in the shape of a coat of whitish-yellow, well besprinkled with black. They are a terrible pest, for they are the children of the Magpie Moth (*Abrazas grossulariata*). Let us leave them in all gratitude to Mr. Thrush, or our store of jam and jelly will be a slender one when autumn comes.

Now come to the garden wall, a favourite hunting-ground of mine; we shall find much to amuse us. I wonder what the insect world did before man came to build garden walls for them! They must have been very uncomfortable. Look just under the edge of the coping: a certain well-known friend of ours has found what a nice sheltered spot it is.

Once upon a time there was a white butterfly with black tips to her wings (*Pieris rapæ*)—you know her? I'm glad: she's common enough. She flew about my garden and laid her eggs on the cabbage plants, for which I did not thank her. Those eggs developed an astounding number of hungry green caterpillars. How they did eat! Day after day old Charles scratched his head as he saw my cabbage leaves reduced to mere skeletons. Many a bright-green robber caterpillar did he pick off and crush beneath his heel with great satisfaction. But they were artful; their colour helped them to hide away, and often when stooping over my cabbages I have heard a gentle crunch—crunch—crunch, just as you may hear it in a field where cows are feeding, only a thousand times more soft and gentle.

The birds did what they could, so did Madame Ichneumon Fly with her pointed ovipositor, which is another kind of sting, such as bees have; but still there were plenty left. When they could eat no more, these green gluttons crawled slowly away to the garden wall; or at least one did, and looped his way up until he came beneath the coping, which struck him as being a most eligible spot for winter quarters.

He began to make himself as much at home there as he had been in the cabbage bed. First of all he laid his foundations in a mass of silk, which he spat out of his mouth and spread upon the brick and stone, and then, with a silken girth round his middle, and another at his tail, he hung himself up in a horizontal position and was converted into a pale-green chrysalis. Very snug he looks, doesn't he? When May comes round he will burst his skin and appear as a "Cabbage White," and will crawl on to the top of the wall to dry his creamy wings and stretch them. Then I sincerely hope our friends the birds will find him out, before he can do any more damage.

Now come and have a cup of tea in the study, and I will show you my cabinet wherein I have specimens of the various folk we have seen to-day, neatly pinned out and labelled with pretentious Latin names, and arranged in orders and families. In strict confidence, however, I don't mind telling you that I love them far better in their native wilds than enshrined in their polished mahogany sarcophagus, embalmed in cork and creosote.

The Critic on the Hearth

BY JOHN A. STEUART

WHAT we don't know is just what we need to know, says the wise man; whence it follows that of all human evils by far the costliest is ignorance. Solomon made a little uneasy movement over this statement, as though something had secretly pricked him.

We were assembled at our first full dinner after the holidays, and to the serious business of dining added the diversion of capping one another's experiences during our weeks of separation. If you infer that the tales we told had a twang of the long bow, I am not going to contradict you. With one exception, to be presently noted, we were still in holiday mood, and the holiday mood is to exaggerate. Why is it that people talk in superlatives of their holidays? Is it that the ordinary person, man or woman, lacks the moral courage to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning the annual quest of change and recreation? The *Punch* humorist who declared on returning from an expedition to the Alps that he felt almost as well as when he started had an integrity of soul which I have always admired and sometimes tried to emulate—with indifferent success. He had gone off jaded and faded from dusty Fleet Street, had toiled up the glacial heights, breathing the air which intoxicated Tyndall, feasted his artistic sense on the sunrises and sunsets which equally intoxicated Ruskin, endured the gabble of fellow-tourists and the discomforts of Alpine hotels; in a word, strove like a Briton to do the correct thing—and came back feeling almost as well as when he started. There's heroism for you. Most of us would have raved in conventional terms of delight. A man may have stood for a week of wet days with his nose glued to the window-pane of a seaside lodging, and his heart full of bitterness, may have endangered his jaws by yawning, railed at the scenery, the weather, the food, the people, may, in fact, have grumbled twelve hours a day; but meet him on his return, and ten to one he will assure you with every sign of sincerity that his holiday was so many days of pure enchantment.

Solomon had not come back in a humour to feign the pleasure he did not feel. Wherefore he spoke out the hot, indignant truth that raged within him, being much too far gone to care for appearances. His grievance, it may be stated at once, was financial. Ninety per cent. of our grievances are of that kind. Solomon returned with an empty pocket. In that there was nothing singular; the majority of us manage to reach that happy consummation of the yearly vacation. But while most of us grin with an air of content, Solomon's ire blazed over the manner of depletion.

It is well known that the true-born Briton scorns to be a linguist. English speech and English gold, he will tell you, suffice to carry a man anywhere within the bounds of civilisation. Solomon had proceeded blithely on this common assumption, and had the happiness to find it true. English speech and English gold will carry a man almost anywhere, but there is this small circumstance to be taken into account, namely, that in certain countries with a speech exclusively English an inordinate amount of gold is needed. I state it on his own ignominious confession that in the brief space of three weeks our gifted Solomon was more than once reduced to the pitiful plight of having to pull out a handful of coin and let the rapacious foreigner help himself, all because he was ignorant of the rascal's language. Could anything be more humiliating to British pride? But what are you to do in an alien land with a blustering foreigner gesticulating noisily for money which you must pay or be confiscated? You cannot always have a gunboat or an armed force to argue these delicate matters away from home.

Solomon's trouble was not, however, that he was arbitrarily threatened with durance vile in loathsome foreign dungeons, but that he was "done" regularly, systematically, and, as a matter of course, because he was a Briton relying on the King's English and the King's image stamped on gold. There lay the tingling exasperation of the thing.

"The fact is," cried Solomon, ebullient

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with a sense of wrong—"the fact is, the grasping, greedy foreigner has reduced the practice of extortion to a fine art, making one price for his own countrymen and another for the tourist or traveller. Ah Sin stuffing his sleeve with aces and bowers for a little cheating at cards was guileless in comparison. It's high time this thing was stopped."

"And how would you propose to stop it?" inquired the Colonel.

"By making all foreigners learn English, so that they could understand a decent language when they heard it," answered Solomon promptly. "It was all very well for Bismarck to say he would teach the French nation German; but I tell you the enterprise of trying to teach it English during one's holidays doesn't pay. There's no satisfactory return on that kind of investment. Why do I say that?" (this to the Curate, who had gently interposed with a question.) "Because the English are treated on the Continent as if they were mere silly sheep, meant to be shorn by any fool with just sense and nerve enough to clip. And all because one cannot understand their outrageous lingo. It's preposterous; it's maddening!"

"Suppose one were to try the experiment of learning French," suggested the Colonel; "might it not be good policy, if only for the sake of one's pocket in the holiday season?"

Solomon snorted in contempt. He would have no truckling. Was not the English the predominant race? Why, then, should the predominant race not enjoy the just and natural right of naming the language that should be generally used? Both the Colonel and the Curate remarked, as gently as might be, that apart from all question of tyranny, such an imposition might have disastrous consequences. It was pointed out that to abolish French and German, for example, would be practically to abolish French and German literature, in both of which there are one or two things worth preserving. Solomon knew nothing about that, and managed to indicate he cared nothing.

"Commerce," he replied proudly, "rules the world; the language of commerce is English; in the name of common-sense why should not English be made the language of the world?"

"At present," said the Colonel, "French holds that enviable position—thanks to the power of diplomacy. When Japan told

Russia it was to be war she dropped her ancestral tongue and made the statement in French. You would have declarations of war made in English."

"I dare say they could be made as plainly in English as in any other language," retorted Solomon. "But what I want to know is, how long Britain is to be content to play foreign airs in the concert of nations? Seems to me that the language which is good enough for Englishmen ought to be quite good enough for the rest of mankind." He went on to ask why our statesmen do not move in the matter? He thought it would be a fit enough exercise for the philosophic mind of Mr. Balfour, that it might well engage the attention of Mr. Chamberlain in his retirement, and form an attractive study for Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. We were warned against the folly of taking it as being in any sense a party matter. It is, he assured us, far above party. If anything in this world is imperial it is the English language. The flag itself must take second place. Solomon, in fact, made a long, fervent, and eloquent plea, proving how excellently one can argue when one's private interests are touched. Naturally we were thrilled with pride over this proof of our country's fitness for universal dominion. I think that even the Curate felt the impulse of ambition. A universal England: would not that mean an enlarging of the bounds of Canterbury and innumerable bishoprics? I suppose every curate has the instincts of a bishop, just as every subaltern has in him the right stuff for the making of a Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief. The rule, of course, is general. We know that the office-boy and junior reporter of the *Sleepy Hollow Herald* are a Scott and a Dickens in embryo, and could write better novels than either has left if only they gave their gigantic minds to the task.

"Do you condemn ambition then?" inquired Solomon, with a militant look in his eye. By no means. Shakespeare has done that once for all. So we got back to the point at issue. Solomon would have it made known to all whom it may concern that we British intend to waste no more time in trying to learn foreign languages, and that in consequence the foreigner who desires to do business with us would be consulting his own interest by adding English to his repertory.

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"But suppose," interjected the Curate, "he doesn't want to do business with us. We hear a good deal in these days about the foreigner's rivalry and jealousy and all that. Every second day or so our flesh is made to creep with descriptions of our own dire situation. It is just possible, you know, that the infatuated foreigner might decline to see this language-question as we see it, and flatly refuse to accept the proposition you have so ably submitted. In that case would there not be some danger of the fat getting into the fire?"

Solomon snorted. We cannot, of course, help the blindness or foolishness of others, he said, though he was sure persuasion of the right sort, that is to say, good sound British persuasion, would very speedily overcome obstinacy. With that he swung to another subject, for the present closely connected in his mind with the question of language—I mean the tyrannous evil of tipping.

"On the Continent the Americans are chiefly responsible for it," he said with conviction. "I tell you it's a terrible thing when a fool is master of great wealth. A man with money and nothing else is much more than a public nuisance, he is a grave danger to himself and others. Seems to me America, for all its smartness, has grown an enormous crop of nincompoops and loaded them with gold. I own we produce the article ourselves, but not to the same extent, nor quite of the same loud pattern. Plutocratic young America let loose in Europe is a heartrending spectacle. His *forte* is to make himself ridiculous by flinging away money he has never earned and could not earn. The wealth laboriously made out of hogs or cattle in Chicago is squandered by social lunatics in London and Paris to their own undoing and the great detriment of modest, peaceable folk. On the Continent, Americans have brought the abominable and demoralising practice of tipping to a pitch which is fast becoming ruinous and unbearable. And all because of their love of idiotic show."

"Say rather because of their want of moral courage," put in the Colonel softly.

"All evil is due to want of moral courage," said the Curate, not without a suggestion of the professional air. "In this case two things combine to aggravate the evil. On the one side cupidity; on the other selfishness."

"How do you make that out?" demanded

Solomon. "The cupidity is plain enough; but where does the selfishness come in?"

"Ah! I see you have not considered the moral aspect of the matter very deeply," rejoined the Curate, sitting up as for an argument. "Let me put it in this way. First, as to selfishness, the man giving the tip schemes to get something to which he is not fairly entitled, and pays on the sly. The transaction is conducted, so to speak, *sub rosa*. That in itself is suspicious. In plain English, a tip is but another name for a bribe, and bribery has never been found hand-in-hand with honesty."

"Don't make charges," said Solomon, bridling perceptibly at this turn of the argument.

"I am merely trying to illustrate a principle," responded the Curate. "Pray put all and any personal implication from your mind. Bribery, or tipping, is in this case then the pure outcome of selfishness, inasmuch as the briber desires to secure for himself some benefit or privilege which he thinks another can confer unjustly. He makes his appeal to the dishonesty of that other, for it is quite unnecessary to say that the receiver of a bribe is condemned by every code, not only of morals, but of honour, known among men. Perhaps you think I am making mountains out of mole-hills. I can but repeat that I am illustrating a principle."

"And according to that principle it would be unwise to trust a man who accepts a bribe," said Solomon.

"It would not be an unfair inference," returned the Curate. "Speaking generally, I think it must be clear to every thinking person that the man who accepts a bribe, let us say, to give you an advantage over a rival, would also accept one from that rival to give him an advantage over you. Turpitude is turpitude however you may look at it. And let me say that in the case we are supposing the turpitude is equal on both sides, since it is every whit as reprehensible to offer a bribe as to take it. So you see when you condemn the custom of tipping while conforming to it you are illogical, to say the least."

"One may conform unwillingly," said Solomon warmly.

"In practice that may be an excuse, though a lame one," replied the Curate, who was also warming to his argument; "but in morals it is, as every one knows,

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no justification whatever for violating a principle. Of course, as regards the moral law there are infractions and infractions. When you give a railway porter a few pence for putting your bag on a corner seat and thus securing it to you throughout your journey, you do not think you are sinning deeply or sinning at all. All the same, you will own the gratuity is not given from philanthropy."

"Talking of railway travelling," put in the Colonel, "let me give you a personal experience. A year or two ago I was going from London to Scotland with a friend. We started from a great terminus—never mind the name—and on reaching our train asked the guard to get us seats. His response, made with a very knowing look, was that unfortunately every good seat was occupied. My friend, who was a man of the world, simply slipped half-a-crown into the man's hand. Next minute we were in a comfortable compartment with the door locked and the blinds drawn down to keep off would-be intruders. What is more, we had that compartment to ourselves the whole way to Edinburgh. Such is the magic of half-a-crown. I make no attempt to palliate our conduct; I simply state a fact."

"Quite so," cried Solomon, "quite so. One is forced in self-defence to part with half-crowns to—well, to such people as your friend the guard."

"Permit me to give an instance on the other side," pursued the Colonel. "Not very long ago the artist of a comic paper depicted two guests at a Highland shooting-lodge on the eve of their departure. 'How much are you going to give the head gamekeeper?' asked number one. 'Oh,' was the response, 'as I am to be asked back again I must give him a sovereign at least. But as you are not to be asked again, five shillings ought to be enough.' The man who expected to return would make his gratuity a bribe worth having, and so secure further attention for the giver. The man who was not to return might make it as little as was consistent with decency and his own sense of fitness."

"If number two were a man of real courage he would give the gamekeeper nothing at all," exclaimed the young lady classic.

"He would indeed be a man of courage to take his leave on such terms," returned the Colonel. "The truth is, Society is

ruled by its flunkies. They tell me, for instance, that the British butler has crossed the Atlantic, and that the American hostess is suffering untold misery at his hands. She will continue to suffer until she asserts her authority by turning the despot out of doors. He and his kind are the people who make life a burden. Oh! my dear, tips are a species of blackmail levied by parasites whom in our blindness we call servants, but who in reality are our masters."

"Exactly," chimed in Solomon. "The waiter who brings you your dinner in hotel or restaurant expects a tip, and generally manages things so that he gets it. So does the porter who condescends to handle your luggage at a railway station. The railway company is supposed to pay him wages, but he contrives to mulct the passenger as well. It is the same with the barber who shaves you and the gentleman who fills the onerous post of bootblack. I am looking forward to the time when a triumphant proletariat will hold meetings in Hyde Park to make tipping compulsory. It needs but that last slight touch to make the tyranny of extortion complete. The canker will then have eaten right through our social life."

And yet, I ventured to remark, things are not so bad as they might be or as they are with some of our neighbours. In this connexion there is a very significant passage in Froude's "Life" of Lord Beaconsfield. Disraeli was never rich, either as commoner or peer. He wrote *Endymion* for £10,000 that he might buy a town house, and in other ways he worked and economised like the humblest taxpayer among us. There were times when as chief minister of the Crown a secret word from him would have made the Stock Exchange of Europe frantic. Once such a thing was suggested to him—once, but never again, as Froude says. It is a pity the biographer does not give the names of those who hinted such a thing to a British Prime Minister. Fortunately the notions of honour are not the same in Downing Street and Throgmorton Street, nor is our public life conducted on Tammany principles. Picture the face of Mr. Gladstone if it were hinted to him he might enrich himself at the cost of his honour, or of Mr. Balfour, or of any other British statesman of our time. Only a lunatic mad with avarice would have the courage to make the suggestion, and we know perfectly

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well how he and it would be received. Bribery in our statesmanship is simply inconceivable.

"The greater the pity," said Solomon, "that it should be ruining our social life. There are anti this and anti that leagues. Cannot some influential person start an anti-tipping league? There's work for ladies in danger of dying for want of some-

thing rational to do. Imagine the joys of a life without any tipping. The thought of it suggests paradise."

"I fear a paradise too sweet to be won," laughed the Colonel.

"Well!" rejoined Solomon, "there's a chance for some one to carry out a much-needed reform, and so become a public benefactor."

Bradshaw Competition—Result *Examiners' Award.*

PRIZES FOR THE WHOLE COMPETITION

First Prize—Thirty shillings.

P. H. D. OGLE, 25 Sudbury Street, Derby.

Second Prize—One pound.

H. SMITH, Grimley Vicarage, Worcester.

Third Prize—Fifteen shillings.

H. G. COLMAN, Elmside, Worcester Park, Surrey.

Fourth Prize—Twelve shillings and sixpence.

M. HALFORD, 33 Lorne Road, Finsbury Park, N.

Fifth Prize—Ten shillings.

S. WILSON, Bruna Hill, Garstang.

PRIZES FOR BEST IN EACH SET OF QUESTIONS

Ten shillings each.

E. K. SIMPSON, 100 Anglesea Road, Ipswich.

J. TATTERSALL, 106 Brompton Street, Oldham.

I. W. RANSON, Ackroyd, Thornbridge, Leamington.

Second Prizes—Seven shillings and sixpence each.

E. WONTNER, Herongate, Brentwood.

E. BOOTH, 2 Highbury Quadrant, N.

D. HARRISON, 1A Bradiston Road, W.

Third and Fourth Prizes—*Leisure Hour* post free for one year.

E. H. COLMAN, Westbourne House, London Road, Peterborough.

E. M. BRADFORD, Aston Rise, Henley-on-Thames.

H. BRIGGS, Anton Lodge, Andover.

E. S. GRIFFITHS, Hillfield, Cheltenham.

M. E. JOWETT, Oretton Villa, Grange-over-Sands.

C. CAMERON, Kolassy House, Eastbourne.

ROUTES AND TIMES

1. Aberfoyle, Glasgow (Queen Street to Central), (Crewe), Hereford, Abergavenny.

8.18 A.M. to 7.45 P.M. = 11 hr. 27 m.

2. Berwick, Leeds (New Street to Wellington), Bristol, Taunton, Barnstaple, Bideford.

7.44 P.M. to 10.22 A.M. = 14 hr. 49 m.

3. Cardiff, London (Paddington to King's Cross), Cambridge.

1.25 P.M. to 6.17 P.M. = 4 hr. 52 m.

4. Derby, Nottingham, Saxby, S. Lynn, Fakenham (M. & G.N. to G.E.R.), Dereham.

2.20 P.M. to 6.45 P.M. = 4 hr. 25 m.

5. Edinburgh (Princes Street), Crewe, Bristol, Exeter (St. David's to Queen Street), Exmouth.

10.15 A.M. to 11.19 P.M. = 13 hr. 4 m. (Wed. or Fri.).

6. Falmouth, Plymouth, London (Paddington to King's Cross), Doncaster, Hull, Bridlington, Filey.

9.25 A.M. to 2.13 P.M. = 16 hr. 48 m.

7. Grantham, Egginton, Chester, Ruabon, Corwen, Gwyddelwern (or *via* Nottingham, Derby, Stafford, Shrewsbury, etc.).

9.32 A.M. to 4 P.M. = 6 hr. 28 m.

8. Haddington, Longniddry, Edinburgh (Waverley to Princes Street), Crewe, Bristol, Gwinear Road, Helston.

11.28 A.M. to 7.35 A.M. = 20 hr. 7 m.

9. Ide, Exeter, Bristol, Leeds, Shipley, Idle.

9.26 A.M. to 5.55 P.M. = 8 hr. 29 m.

10. Joppa, Edinburgh (Waverley), London (King's Cross to Metrop.), Junction Road.

10.55 P.M. to 8 A.M. = 9 hr. 5 m.

Bradshaw Competition

11. Kimbolton, Kettering, Harrowgate, Knaresboro'.
12.10 P.M. to 4.53 P.M. = 4 hr. 43 m.
12. Littleham, Sidmouth, Salisbury, Eastleigh, Portsmouth Town or Fratton, Arundel, Littlehampton.
12.3 P.M. to 6 P.M. = 5 hr. 57 m.
13. Maidstone (East), London (Victoria to Paddington), Maidenhead.
10 A.M. to 11.58 A.M. = 1 hr. 58 m.
14. Newquay, Par, Bristol, Derby (Nottingham), Newark.
11.15 A.M. to 9.50 P.M. = 10 hr. 35 m.
15. Oldham, Guide Bridge, Nottingham (Victoria to London Road), (Saxby), Oakham.
12.2 P.M. to 3.45 P.M. = 3 hr. 43 m.
16. Potter Heigham, Melton Constable (or S. Lynn), Peterboro', Holbeck, Pudsey.
10.45 A.M. to 5.24 P.M. = 6 hr. 39 m.
17. Queenboro' (Pier), London (Holborn to Euston), Chester, Queen's Ferry.
6.28 A.M. to 12.52 P.M. = 6 hr. 24 m.
18. Retford, Sheffield (Victoria to Station Road), Derby, Gloucester, Ross.
3.42 P.M. to 9.45 P.M. = 6 hr. 3 m.
Or *via* Sheffield, Derby, Birmingham, Worcester, Hereford.
8.45 A.M. to 2.48 P.M. also = 6 hr. 3 m.
19. Stratford-on-Avon, Woodford, Rugby (Central to L.N.W.), Inverness or Perth, Dingwall, Strathpeffer.
6.45 P.M. to 10.40 A.M. = 15 hr. 55 m.
20. Teignmouth, Exeter, Bristol, Birmingham, Tamworth.
1.58 P.M. to 7.40 P.M. = 5 h. 42 m.
21. Ulverston, Carnforth, Crewe, Rugby (or Skipton, Leeds, Trent), Market Harboro', Seaton, Uppingham.
10.24 A.M. to 6.27 P.M. = 8 hr. 3 m.
22. Vowchurch, Pontrilas, Abergavenny, Brynmawr, Varteg.
3.43 P.M. to 6.44 P.M. = 3 hr. 1 m.
23. Wroxham, Norwich, Peterboro', Rugby, Crewe, Whitchurch, Ellesmere, Wrexham.
6.55 A.M. to 2.55 P.M. = 8 hr.
24. York, Glasgow (Queen Street to Central), Yoker.
3.12 A.M. to 9.26 A.M. = 6 hr. 14 m.

EXAMINERS' REPORT

The number of our readers who took part in this competition was somewhat disappointing. One of

two reasons may be held accountable. Either the majority did not feel themselves sufficiently well versed in the intricacies of Bradshaw to grapple with the subject, or they may have argued that as it was a question of mathematical certainty, so many would give the right solutions that the trouble involved would not be worth the while.

As to the second of these suggestions no fear need have been apprehended, but when we came to face the troublesome detail involved in working out the right answers, we could hardly be surprised at the comparatively small number of competitors. Certain it is that the prize-winners have fully earned the reward of their labour. For instance, out of all the twenty-four journeys, none of which were remarkable for their simplicity, the first prize-winner gave the shortest time for performing twenty—a result we can only characterise as being truly amazing.

Taking the key, which has been drawn up with the greatest possible care, as the standard, the average time taken over each of the twenty-four journeys should be 8 hours 26½ minutes. The best of the papers sent in works out at 8 hours 31 minutes per journey; the worst at 13 hours 46½ minutes! It may be said that the last-named result was taken from the paper of a competitor whose times in no instance coincided with those given in the key. It is obvious that his acquaintance with Bradshaw is not absolutely perfect, for he could find no quicker way of getting from Maidstone to Maidenhead than by changes involving a journey of 5 hours 7 minutes, the standard being 1 hour 58 minutes.

It was not stated when the competition was announced what Bradshaw was to be used. Consequently, in dealing with the first list, we regarded as equal the times taken from the tables published in April and May. For instance, in Question I. the 8.10 to 8.18 from Aberfoyle had to be allowed, the net time taken over the journey being 11 hours 27 minutes or 11 hours 35 minutes respectively.

Some competitors made a serious mistake in not allowing sufficient time for changes. One example may suffice, *e.g.* Paddington to Liverpool Street, 5 minutes!

Several competitors, after tracing the routes correctly, came to grief over their subtraction, reckoning ten hours as the round of the clock instead of twelve. A few—very few—gave such absolutely impossible times that we were greatly mystified until we found that they had been the whole round of the clock, thus making a journey of 20 hours appear as one of 8 only.

Much more might be said, but space forbids, and it only remains for us to congratulate the prize-winners, who, as we have already indicated, have fully earned all they receive.





A VIEW NEAR
JERICHO

OVER-SEA NOTES

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS

Raisin-growing in Australia

ONE of the minor industries which have taken strong root in Australia is that of raisin- and currant-growing. The leading settlement in this connexion is in North-western Victoria, on the Murray river, at Mildura, which was founded in conjunction with Chaffey Bros.' irrigation colony schemes. These colonies failed at first, but of late years it has been found that the vines which produce the raisin grape and the currant grape grow splendidly both at Mildura and at Renmark, a little further along the Murray, in South Australia; also, in the Goulburn valley, of Victoria, grapes for these purposes are grown successfully, though the quality is not quite so good. So great has been the development of this industry, that the local raisins (with the exception of the Muscatel variety) now have control of all the Australian markets, and last year a start was made to export the fruit. A good quantity of currants is yet imported, but the time is not far distant when we shall produce all that we require. The climate at Mildura is so warm and dry and rainless, that the operation of drying the fruit, which is of the first importance, can generally be accomplished without damage through rain. Mildura also does a good trade in dried figs and apricots, as well as selling a lot of fresh fruit such as lemons and oranges. A railway connecting the settlement with Melbourne has just been built, which will greatly help the fresh fruit trade. Previously all the fruit had to be sent along the Murray river by boat, and then undergo a long train journey. One of the principal fruit-growers at Mildura is Earl Ranfurly, who owns a large area, and who has always taken a warm interest in the settlement.

F. S. S.

Sports in India

ONE of the curious minor effects of the march of Western civilisation is to be found in the spread of Western (chiefly English) outdoor games. Bombay has any number of native cricket clubs, and the native papers contain full reports of matches, while many even of the country schools play some sort of cricket. Football, for some reason or other, is almost confined to European clubs or colleges under European supervision. Yet once a Gujarati boy, for instance, has touched a football with his bare toe, it has a fascination for him that nothing else can have. An orphanage in North Gujarat, for example, which believes itself to be the only native "Rugby" school in the country, had the misfortune to find, when the football season came round, that the bladder had become rotten and the football therefore useless, till after many days a new bladder could be imported. Next day, however, football was going on as usual, the ball being a combination of rags and string about the size of a cricket ball, and the rules being modified accordingly. After all, boys are much the same the world over.

P.S.—Just as I finished writing these words, I was called out, and happening to pass the football field saw a boy, whom I understood to be confined to his bed in hospital with bad ulcers on both legs, hobbling about as well as his bandaged sores would let him, and at the same time making such use of his skill and judgment, and of his toes, which were uninjured, that evidently largely through his efforts his side had scored nine goals to their opponents' *nil*, though these included the champion runner of the school. It would seem that there must be something still in store for a race that can produce pluck and grit like that; and yet it

often looks as if it required Christianity to draw it out, even in the matter of playing games.

J. S. S.

Queensland Kanaka Mission

THE "white Australia" policy of the Australian Commonwealth is having numerous side effects. One of these concerns the missions amongst the Kanakas of Queensland. In Queensland thousands of Kanakas—natives of the South Sea Islands—are employed in the sugar-cane fields, but a law passed some two years ago prohibited the importation of any more after a certain time; and further provided that all those at present here should gradually be sent back to their island homes. For many years a number of missionaries have laboured in the cane-fields' missions, with fair results. Now, however, they find that there is a danger of their work being wasted. Many of the islanders come from the New Hebrides, and these, of course, are all right, as the Presbyterian Church has flourishing mission stations on those islands. But many others come from such islands as the Solomons, where not only is there no mission, but, until lately, it was a foolhardy action for a white man to land. However, many of the Solomon Kanakas who have been converted have returned to their homes, and these report that there is much need for missionaries on the islands, and that now their lives would be fairly safe. A movement is on foot, therefore, to supply the islands with a



PARAGUAYAN WOMAN GRINDING CORN

regular mission, and a party of four, from Queensland, will shortly make the attempt. The Solomon Islands are to the east of New Guinea. The islanders are fine big men, but very warlike and savage. In fact, until lately, they were famous as "head-hunters"—human heads, of course; and their chief show-places were sheds with rows and rows of preserved heads hung along the ceilings, much as an agriculturist hangs onions.—F. S. S.

Paraguayan Women Weaving

NEARLY all the hard work in Paraguay is done by the women. They till the fields, grow their own cotton, clean and spin it themselves, and weave it themselves into home-made fabrics on looms of their own construction. In the annexed illustration one of these women (an octogenarian) is seen weaving cloth to make a hammock.—J. D. L.



PARAGUAYAN WOMAN WEAVING

Paraguayan Women Grinding Corn

THE country people of Paraguay still use for grinding their corn the same primitive mill that probably was employed in the earliest times. It is simply a wooden mortar, and the pestle employed is also of wood. It is identical with

Over-Sea Notes

the appliances used by the natives of Central Africa, and possibly other primitive peoples who have made no advance in the arts and sciences since the Flood.—J. R. L.

The Vatican and Italy

WHAT is taking place in Italy with regard to the action exercised by the Vatican is most interesting, and it may also prove instructive outside of the Peninsula. As is known, the ex-Patriarch of Venice ascended the Pontifical throne with the reputation of being merely a religious man, and this was indeed the chief reason of his election. He was depicted as a "conciliatorist," that is to say, favourable to a policy tending to smooth down the friction which since 1870 has existed between the Church and State, as well as personally between the Popes and the Kings of the House of Savoy, to the members of which Pius X., as Patriarch of Venice, had always shown the humblest and most deferential respect and attachment. The Pope, however, although lacking any territorial domain, and according to what was asserted, being opposed to mixing in politics, had to appoint a Secretary of State, and he chose just the most *intransigent*, a prelate whose whole career had been inspired by feelings of irreconcilability to the present order of things. Therefore in all that appears there is at the Vatican, and in the exterior manifestations of the Church, an attitude of mildness, of which Pius X. gets the credit, succeeding in acquiring the sympathy of those who do not look beyond the superficial. But whenever there is a question of substance, then Cardinal Merry del Val steps in, and "the Spaniard," as they call him, shows all the inflexibility of the institution which he directs, and he seems to take a delight in being in his decisions as hard and irremovable as possible. The protest on the visit of President Loubet to Rome has been the most evident and striking episode of this situation, almost the only one which from its nature and character has been known abroad, but in the home policy there is a sequel to such events, proving the duplicity of the Vatican and the necessity of the most enlightened vigilance to prevent people from being deceived by this appearance of conciliation and flexibility.—I. C.

The Referendum in Victoria

THE supporters of the movement for the re-introduction of the Bible into the State schools of Victoria have been practically defeated at the

polls. The final returns show an exceedingly complicated result.

The first question asked—"Are you in favour of the Education Act remaining secular as at present?" To that 86,707 answered Yes; while 60,474 said No. This looks very like a decisive majority of 26,000 against any interference with the Act.

On the other hand, the second question asked—"Are you in favour of such legislation as shall cause the scheme of Scripture lessons recommended by the Royal Commission on Religious Instruction to be taught in State schools during school hours to children whose parents desire the teaching? (Such lessons to be given subject to a conscience clause exempting teachers who object.)" In favour of this 75,729 voted as against 68,143 who were opposed.

The third question had reference to the adoption of the hymns and prayers suggested by the Commission, and found favour in about the same proportion. That is to say, in round numbers for the introduction of the lessons, the hymns and the prayers there was a majority of 7000.

In view of this, if a majority is in favour of the introduction of the lessons and at the same time a majority is in favour of the secularity of the Act, one might argue that there must have been much perplexity in the minds of the electors over the exact meaning of the word "secular," but in any case the balance in favour of the lessons is so small that it would not warrant the politicians (who do not want to touch the thing at all) proposing any change.

The matter will now doubtless be hung up for a generation, and the result is looked upon as a great triumph for the Roman Catholic party. Under the leadership of Archbishop Carr, they threw their whole weight against the proposal and united with the Labour Socialists on this matter, as they have done on other questions when it suited their policy. The combination is a most powerful one in a small community like this.—A. J. W.

New England and the International Peace Congress

IN connexion with the meeting of the International Peace Congress this year at Boston, Massachusetts, Americans are taking pleasure in remembering how much the whole peace movement is due to Americans in co-operation with Englishmen. Much of the credit for the establishment of the Hague Tribunal is popularly attributed to the Czar of Russia, but the call of the Czar for a Peace and Disarmament con-

ference would have been of little avail had the ground not been long and carefully prepared by lovers of peace for over sixty years past. The Massachusetts Peace Society came into existence in 1815, in the study of William Ellery Channing, Boston's beloved minister of the early nineteenth century, and the organ of the Society, *The Friend of Peace*, edited by Noah Worcester, was the pioneer peace journal of the world. The Massachusetts Peace Society began with a membership of only twenty-two; but among them were numbered the Governor of Massachusetts and the President of Harvard University. Within four years the membership had risen to a thousand. The first International Peace Congress, which was held in London in 1843, was largely due to the work of members of the American Society, and to the help and encouragement which they gave to Joseph Sturge, the English philanthropist and peace advocate, when he was in America in the early forties. Before the next International Congress—that at Brussels in 1848—much missionary work had been done by Elihu Burritt of Connecticut, opponent of slavery, temperance reformer, and advocate of peace. Burritt was afterwards as well known in England as in America; for he was United States consul at Brompton for twenty years from 1856. His work in the cause of peace, however, began much earlier than his settlement in England. In season and out of season, in England and America, he put forward his idea of a permanent international tribunal—a scheme which was discussed at the Peace Congress at Brussels in 1848, and at that at Paris in 1849 under the name of the "American Proposition." Of late years the interest in the Peace Congresses has been greatly quickened, and since 1889 they have been held at frequent and regular intervals. The only one held in America previous to this year was at Chicago in 1893.—A. G. P.

The United States Post Office and Books for the Blind

POSTAL facilities in the United States are in general very inferior to those in England or on the Continent of Europe. There is no parcels post, and if a book package is over two pounds in weight, the recipient has usually to fetch it from the Post Office, as it is within the option of the carrier to refuse to take it. In one direction, however, the Post Office Department renders a service which has no parallel in England. Under a law passed by Congress in the winter of 1903-4, all books for the blind

printed in raised characters, belonging to libraries or institutions, can be sent by mail free of charge. The action of Congress in conferring this boon on its unfortunate citizens who are deprived of the advantages of cheap literature is in line with all that is done in America in the way of free education. It is recognised that the blind can own but few books—the cost of books in raised type is prohibitive for people of small means, and even to borrow from libraries which loan out books for the blind may be a heavy expense, if the cost of postage on these bulky and heavy volumes has to be defrayed by the readers. The passage of the new law has greatly stimulated library activity in this line, and in many public libraries the collections of books in the Braille type are being enlarged and overhauled in readiness for the growing demand which is expected as the blind gradually learn that they may borrow these books from the nearest city library, and receive and return them by post free of cost.—A. G. P.

Pure Food in the United States

PURE food laws are being well sustained by the U.S. Supreme Court. A tax of 10 cents per lb. is laid on all oleomargarine coloured in imitation of butter, but the uncoloured product escapes with a tax of only $\frac{1}{4}$ cent per lb. Lately the Supreme Court rendered a decision that all oleomargarine of the appearance of butter is to be regarded as artificially coloured within the meaning of the law, no matter by what process its tint is obtained.—A. C. W.

Negro Education and Crime

IN the great training-school at Tuskegee, Ala., established by Booker T. Washington for the educating and uplifting of the negro race, not one graduate in all the years of its existence has been convicted of crime. This certainly is one argument in favour of education as one solution of the negro problem in America.

A. C. W.

Child Labour in America

A RECENT conference of representatives from clubs, societies, and associations interested in the welfare and education of children, met in Philadelphia and considered a bill for improved child labour legislation. Much interest was manifested and the present system was deeply deplored. The condition of children in the factories and shops of America is a blot upon the honour of the nation, and one which it is hoped will speedily be washed out.—A. C. W.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Mammoths and Mastodons

THE fine specimen of the tusks and palate of the imperial mammoth, shown in the accompanying illustration, has recently been acquired by the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The specimen was discovered in the sands of Western Texas, and the tusks are little short of the largest yet described among either living or fossil members of the elephant family. So far as preserved, the tusks measure thirteen feet six inches from the base to the tips, and there is at least a foot broken away from the end, making

also represented by hundreds of mammoth teeth dredged from the depths of the North Sea by trawlers. The American mastodon was a relative of the mammoth, but differed from it in being more massive and somewhat lower. No entire remains of a mastodon have been discovered, but from those available it is possible to obtain a good idea of what the animal was like in life. The accompanying picture, drawn for the Smithsonian Institution, shows a spirited restoration of the animal based upon details of structure which this extinct form of elephant is known to have possessed.



RESTORATION OF THE MASTODON

Drawn by J. M. Gleason for the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

the total estimated length fourteen feet six inches.

The height of this mammoth must have been at least thirteen feet, or about two feet higher than that of the famous African elephant Jumbo, the skeleton of which is in the same museum. Very few mammoths reached this size and the majority were decidedly smaller than Jumbo. Several more or less entire carcasses of mammoths have been discovered in Siberia, and the one referred to in these notes in September 1903 was so well preserved that it has been stuffed and mounted like a modern quadruped in the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg. When the German Ocean was dry land, and Great Britain part of a peninsula, the mammoth lived in England, and its fossil remains are not only found on the land but are

British Rainfall

DR. H. R. MILL, the director of the British Rainfall Organisation, has lately made a detailed analysis of the records of rainfall obtained over a long period of years by observers in most parts of the British Isles, and has described the results in an elaborate paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers. The rainfall at a place in any given year is expressed as the depth of water in inches which would be collected if none soaked into the ground or was lost by evaporation. The amount differs from year to year, but the average of the records of several years gives a mean annual rainfall which differs in different parts of the country, but is practically constant for any one district. Taking the whole of the British



SKULL AND TUSKS OF THE IMPERIAL MAMMOTH

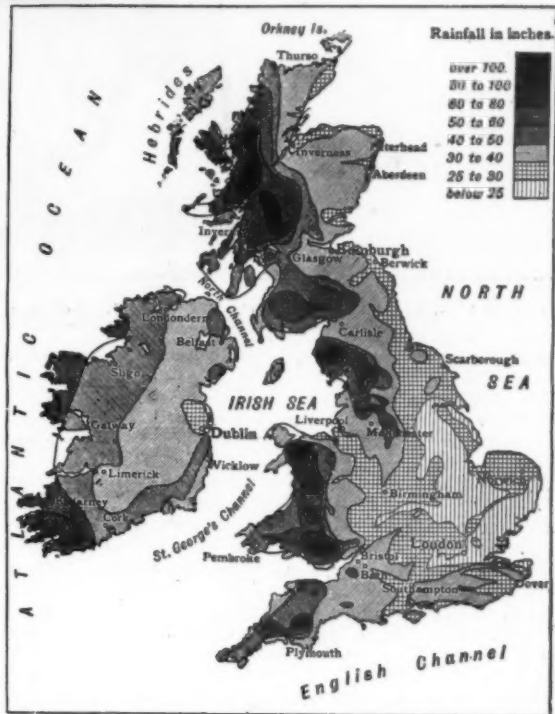
Discovered in the sands of Western Texas, and now in the American Museum of Natural History.

Isles, the amount of rain which falls on the average in a year would cover the entire country to a depth of $39\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In England alone the mean annual rainfall is $31\frac{1}{2}$ inches; in Wales, $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches; in Scotland, 47 inches; and in Ireland 42 inches. The accompanying map, based upon one constructed by Dr. Mill, shows that an average rainfall under 25 inches occurs in three places:—(1) a very narrow strip round the Moray Firth, (2) a triangular area about the Thames estuary, and (3) a large portion of east central England south of the Humber. The whole centre of England, as well as a strip along the east coast of Scotland, and a small patch around Dublin, has a rainfall between 25 and 30 inches. The rest of Scotland and Ireland receive more than 30 inches; and also several small isolated portions of England, as may be seen on the map. The parts of England receiving an annual rainfall of 40 inches or more include the Lake District and parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the wettest district being around Seathwaite, Cumberland, where the rainfall exceeds 100 inches. The whole of Wales has a

rainfall above 40 inches, and around Snowdon the amount rises to 100 inches or more. Cornwall and Devon are also wet parts of the country, the centres of heavier rainfall occurring on Exmoor, Bodmin Moor, and Dartmoor. The height and configuration of the land largely determine the amount of rainfall, but the excess of rain on our west coast in comparison with the east is due to the prevalence of south-west winds full of moisture from the Atlantic.

The Gulf Stream Fallacy

It is remarkable how persistent is the error as to the influence of the Gulf Stream upon the climate of the British Isles and North-western Europe generally, though scientific geographers have shown over and over again that the belief has no foundation in fact. By itself alone, as Mr. H. M. Watts pointed out some time ago in the *U. S. Monthly Weather Review*, the Gulf Stream has as much effect on the climate of North-western Europe as the fly in the fable had in carrying the stage coach up the hill. In the first place, the Gulf Stream cannot be distinguished from the rest of the Atlantic anywhere east of Newfoundland, so that it disappears long before it reaches our shores. The stream is, in fact, only an incidental part of a great system of circulation of



MAP SHOWING AMOUNT AND DISTRIBUTION OF BRITISH RAINFALL

Science and Discovery

the surface waters of the North Atlantic; and the drift of water from North America to Europe is caused entirely by prevailing winds. These moist south-westerly winds possibly derive some heat from the great mass of Atlantic water which they keep in circulation, but in the main the warmth is due to the fact that the wind itself comes from warmer regions. If the Gulf Stream were diverted at the Straits of Florida we should not experience the slightest change of climate; for the warm wet south-west winds would still ameliorate the temperature of our islands.

Death Dances

A NEW volume of reports of the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits has

natives in whose memory the dance is held. The object is evidently to convey to the mourners the assurance that the ghost is alive, and that in the person of the dancer he is visiting friends. The women and children are supposed to believe that the performers are really spirits; and if a woman is known to have discovered the identity of any of the dancers, it is significantly remarked that "she dies that night." The dance is thus of the nature of hero-worship, which is the only form of religion the natives seem to possess; for Professor Haddon says at the end of his volume of reports, "Unless the above-mentioned heroes be regarded as gods, I think it can be definitely stated that the western islanders had no deities, and certainly they had no conception of a Supreme God." Higher conceptions are, however, gradually enter-

ing the minds of the islanders as the result of missionary instruction, and in another generation or so the death dance will probably be forgotten.

Tidal Waves

EARLY in this year an exceptionally high tide caused much damage in the Scilly Isles and at various places around our coasts. The spring tides which were due happened at a time when the moon was at its nearest point to the earth, and therefore its tide-raising action was greatest; and this fact coinciding with the approach of a cyclone to our shores caused the sea to rise above its usual high-water marks. What are often termed tidal waves by the daily papers have, however, nothing to do with the periodic ebb and flow due to attraction by the sun and moon. The wave which overwhelmed many of the Society Islands in January 1903 appears to have had its origin in an earthquake; and a similar disaster occurred in Japan in 1896, when three great waves, the largest being about fifty feet high, caused the destruction of twenty thousand lives and twelve thousand buildings in a few minutes. The earthquake which gave rise to these waves originated in a deep trough of the ocean floor, known as the Tuscaraora Deep, a short distance from Japan. The tide-gauges at Honolulu and Sausalito (San Francisco), which are 3590 and 4790 miles from the point of origin, recorded the disturbance of the sea $7\frac{1}{2}$ and $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours respectively after the time at which the earthquake occurred.



PERFORMERS IN THE DEATH DANCE OF THE WESTERN ISLANDERS, TORRES STRAITS

recently been published by the Cambridge University Press, and it contains much information as to the sociology, magic, and religion of the natives of the western islands. The account of funeral ceremonies given by Professor A. C. Haddon, who was the leader of the expedition, is of exceptional interest. It appears that from time to time a death dance is held in which the performers represent the ghosts of recently deceased natives. The men paint themselves with charcoal and wear the curious dress of cocoa-nut leaves and feathers represented in the illustration here given from the report by the courtesy of the Cambridge University Press. Each performer has a mask and holds in his mouth a crescent-shaped ornament, which is a decorative sign of Kwoiam—the mythical hero of the islands—whose exploits are the subjects of many legends which have converted the warrior into a god. During the funeral ceremony the dancers give pantomimic representations of characteristic traits of the deceased

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Varieties

Lord Wolseley on General Charles Gordon

"GORDON," says Wolseley, "was in many ways the most remarkable man I ever knew. . . . We were friends, drawn together by ties never formulated in words. . . . In these material days of money-grubbing, when the teaching of Christianity is little practised and the spirit of chivalry is well-nigh forgotten, I cling tenaciously to every remembrance of our intimacy, because he was one of the very few friends I ever had who came up to my estimate of the Christian hero. He absolutely ignored self in all he did; and only took in hand what he conceived to be God's work. Life was to him but a Pilgrim's Progress between the years of early manhood and the heaven he now dwells in, the home he always longed for.

"The character of Christ as depicted in the Gospels was always uppermost in Gordon's mind. When in any difficulty his first thought was, 'What would my Master do were He now in my place?' It was this constant reliance upon his Maker, this spiritual communing with his Saviour upon every daily occurrence in life, that enabled him absolutely to ignore self, and take no heed for what to-morrow might bring forth."—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

Wanted: A Second Cromwell

WRITING to his brother in 1853, Thomas Carlyle describes a dinner-party in Arlington Street. "Thiers, the Ashburtons, Thackeray, etc., were there, and much confused talk, in bad French and otherwise—it was just at the time when Palmerston was beating the Ministry, and Notes, etc., came in from the clubhouses; a rather sad evening amid all the levity that was going on! *Monsieur*, I said to Thiers. . . . *Monsieur, nous, aussi vous, cheminons à grands pas vers notre Louis Napoléon; quelque Cromwell Second, qui jetera tout cela dans la rivière. Partout la 'Constitution' tire à sa fin!*" [Sir, we like you are marching rapidly towards our Louis Napoleon, some second Cromwell who will throw all that into the river. Everywhere the "Constitution" draws to its end!]"—*New Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, Vol. II. p. 124 (John Lane, 1904).

A New Atlas

GEOGRAPHY is a study of change. Even the twentieth century has already seen many alterations upon the map. A good atlas which shows us the most recent changes is a real boon. Such an atlas has just been published by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston (7s. 6d.). How very up-to-date it is may be seen from the introduction by Dr. Scott Keltie, with its admirable account of recent Arctic and Antarctic exploration. But why does the writer not use the accurate expression, "the Commonwealth of Australia," when saying (p. xviii) that the "colonies are authorised to form a federation"? The article on Africa is very complete. We

have been particularly struck with the fine maps of the great cities of the world which this atlas contains, and with the carefully-compiled index.

Sir Hope Grant on Death

"His faith in an all-seeing God, who watched over soldiers, was as the very life within him. His religion was of the simplest nature, though it was an all-powerful force that influenced all he did and all he said. He tried to serve God with all his might, but detested priestly dogmas and the sophisms of theology. Death had no horror for him; it would only come at the time God had appointed for it. A young *aide-de-camp*, to whom he was much attached, went to see him shortly before his death, and breaking down upon seeing the already pallid face of the general he loved, he burst into tears. Sir Hope said to him in his usual cheery way, 'Oh, my dear boy, to die is nothing; it is only going from one room into another.'"—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

Astronomical Notes for November

ON the 1st day of this month the Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 6h. 54m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 32m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 12m., and sets at 4h. 15m.; and on the 21st rises at 7h. 30m., and sets at 4h. 2m. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases are: New at 3h. 37m. on the afternoon of the 7th; First Quarter at 36 minutes past midnight on the 14th; Full at 3h. 12m. on the morning of the 23rd; and Last Quarter at 7h. 38m. on that of the 30th. The Moon will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, a little after noon on the 5th, and in apogee, furthest from us, about 7 o'clock on the morning of the 17th. No eclipses or other phenomena of importance are due this month; the Moon approaches very near the bright star Aldebaran on the evening of the 23rd, but does not actually occult it. The planet Mercury will become visible in the evening at the end of the month, situated near the boundary of the constellations Ophiuchus and Scorpio. Venus sets a little before 6 o'clock in the evening, and moves during the month from the constellation Scorpio into Sagittarius; she will be near the Moon on the 7th, the conjunction taking place after they have set. Mars is visible in the morning, increasing in brightness; he is now in Leo, and will enter Virgo about the middle of the month, passing very near the star Eta Virginis (which is of the fourth magnitude) on the 25th. Jupiter is in the eastern part of the constellation Pisces; he will be due south at 10 o'clock in the evening on the 11th, and at 9 o'clock on the 25th, and will be in conjunction with the Moon an hour before midnight on the 19th. Saturn is near the star Iota Capricorni, setting now a little before 11 o'clock in the evening, and earlier each night. The Leonids or November meteors may be looked for on the mornings of the 15th and 16th, but are not likely to be very conspicuous.—W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

The Productive Hand

As great results may issue from small incidents, it is within the limits of possibility that the use of the chafing-dish may revolutionise a good deal of domestic life. When one wants to open a door a couple of little hinges will suffice to effect that result, but if one has no need of a door, if a solid wall is more useful, then this might be a hingeless world for all the moving spirit would care.

Now a large proportion of people would like to simplify their usages, if they knew how that could be done, and lo, the chafing-dish appears, a utensil by whose aid many things can be cooked and eaten at the same table, or at two tables in the same room without any loss of grace or dignity.

A lady known to me who spent twelve years in Japan, generally turning up her nose at the makeshift ways of the lovely and lovable people of that flowery land, recently returned to Europe for the education of her children, and at last her eyes are opened, and she realises the beauty and happiness that result from the simplifying of life and its demands. One sometimes forgets that the cry, "*we must have this, we must have that,*" indicates not the speakers' superiority but their limitations. It is possible to see two people dining in the shadow of a cart on the contents of a handkerchief spread on the grass, as was my good fortune yesterday, and to pass the group in envious mood. These do not load themselves and the browsing horse with a quarter hundredweight of metal and crockery, as an evidence of their true finish, and spend a good sunshiny hour washing up and re-packing these properties; not at all, they select from the handkerchief with a finger and thumb, drink from the running brook (not always a sanitary process I admit), take after their meal as much repose as Nature advises, and then go rejoicing on a further stage of their journey. We cannot all do this, but if we could!

Somebody must labour, that is an indisputable fact; even H. D. Thoreau, when he resolved to be free of all burdens, found a hut somebody had built, and borrowed an axe somebody had ground and fashioned. He had to dig the soil and plant his own beans furthermore, and physically he did not thrive among the simplicities, but he effected something by his protest, and has served since to adorn a good many parables on the art of doing without.

But to return to the chafing-dish! A century and more ago all women of the middle class took a considerable part in domestic work, and each probably possessed some domestic accomplishment on which she prided herself. No doubt this usage had its disadvantages; the notable housekeeper whose damask and silver dazzled the eyes, and whose pickles and preserves made one hungry to merely look at them, was usually not profoundly interesting apart from household things, nor did she appeal much to the imagination of the young, save through their gastronomical sense. I remember once spending five days of a duty visit to a houseful of notable housekeepers, and, being young at the time, I was unable to conceal my

rapture when the day of my escape dawned. With the best will in the world, one cannot eat for ever, and when the pleasures of the table were over, alas, there were no pleasures of the intellect to supplement them! Now to easy observation the connexion between good housekeeping and small mental capacity seemed sufficiently obvious; when thereto was added a deficiency of interest in pots and pans and their products, the result was that the opening of educational doors closed the heart of many a maiden against the still-room and the kitchen. Then how could one be sure that a house to keep was a certainty? If it failed to arrive, what a waste of time to prepare for it! If one married one would manage somehow, desirable knowledge could be picked up.

Higher education of mistresses is not altogether responsible for the paucity of servants, but it is one element in it. If the mistresses lost interest in domestic things, was it to be wondered at if the servants followed suit?

In the days that are no more, domestic service was considered a very good opening even for middle-class girls, and no more sense of social degradation attached to it than does a period of attendance on the sovereign in the case of the son or daughter of a noble house. I was recently privileged to read a letter written a hundred and fifty years ago by an educated woman, the daughter of a literary man, to her own daughters. In this the writer accepts domestic service for them as a matter of course, and advises them to seek situations in the country, and among people who would "think it their duty to screen and shelter your tender blooming years from danger and temptation." But in those days there was no fixed line of demarcation between the parlour and the kitchen, the life of the one overlapped the life of the other, a mistress took cognisance of her maidens, knew their duties and saw that they did them. A mistress in those days would no more have had fixed names for each class of servant, these passing on to maiden after maiden, as is the disintegrating usage in many families to-day, than she would have done so in the case of her own daughters, making the eldest unmarried daughter always answer to the name of Ethel. Sometimes a servant is years in a family before her employer learns that her name is not really Mary or Jane, and that that name is only what a former employer always called her till she got accustomed to it.

But it is time to speak of that chafing-dish. The chafing-dish is easily warmed, easily cleaned, easily handled; working with it the novice learns by experiment that to purvey for the table is quite as pleasant as to preside at it. Consequently her attitude towards the cook becomes more human, less contemptuous. All racial and much individual contempt is the outcome of ignorance alone; if we understand people, the chances are that we shall like a section of them; if we like them we shall certainly be able to work harmoniously with them.

This is the period of specialisation, indeed many counsellors advise the rising generation to specialise if they wish to make a mark or obtain a ready foothold in life. This is practical advice and

Women's Interests

valuable in its way, but it must be borne in mind that while specialisation may command the market, generalisation enlarges the individual; the artist who could stretch his canvas and make his frame as well as paint his picture would have treble aptitudes, and would, it may be, at long last, produce better and more permanent work than he who was painter only. The good domestic manager may be a less entertaining and refreshing companion than the gifted thinker; but given the thinker plus the domestic manager, and what a woman that would be!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL

A. C. J.—There is a training college at Ealing for teachers of the deaf who wish to teach the lip-reading and vocal system. The minimum course is of one year, but intending teachers will find it a great advantage to study for two years. Fees for the second year have been reduced, with the object of encouraging candidates to take the longer course. Candidates must pass a preliminary examination in educational subjects, unless they already hold a certificate from one of the higher educational bodies. These preliminary examinations take place at the end of each term. The fees for resident students taking the two years' course is £90, for non-resident students £45. As the demand for oral teachers of the deaf still exceeds the supply, qualified teachers are certain of employment at salaries ranging from £35 to £50 resident, or from £70 to £115 non-resident. An addition to income may be secured by giving private lessons in lip-reading to adults who have become deaf. I have never conversed with any one who had been born deaf, but I know two ladies who became stone deaf through disease, and who learned lip-reading so satisfactorily that they can converse on any subject with a single individual. They could not, of course, take part in general conversation, though they are able to form a very fair idea of this by watching the lips of the most vivacious speaker. The training school at Castlebar Hill, Ealing, London, is open to visitors on Tuesdays up till 4 o'clock.

Sad Heart.—Your idea is a noble one, but are you sure your aspiration will be permanent? Remember that nothing abides for ever, not even sorrow, nor did Heaven mean that it should. While we live we grow, our wounds heal, and then our life, the old life or another, claims us again. If you want to devote your life to other sufferers, then your financial independence opens the way. Maternity nursing would bring you into touch with a larger circle of the joyless than any other kind of nursing. The training for this is not long, or expensive. Many mothers among the poor know nothing of how to treat a child, how to feed it, or how to give it a chance of existence. The mortality among the children of the poor is appalling. A very helpful career is available here, but not for the squeamish or the fastidious. A volunteer nurse among the poor must be bold to face various forms of parasitic life, and must be able to realise that not even dirt is unclean, or rage beyond hope. A maternity nurse employed regularly even among

the poor will be able to make as much as would support her; if she decides to spend that and more among her patients, she will experience the sincerest joy that the power of giving affords. To help those who cannot help themselves, to bestow where no return can be made, and to give that for which there is an obvious crying necessity is the very epicureanism of philanthropy. I think fees are always charged for teaching maternity nursing, or at least for the pupil's expenses while in residence at the school or hospital.

Signa.—I fear the prospects of a boarding house are not very good, save under exceptional circumstances. In other countries ladies seem able to run these on successful lines, but not in England as far as my personal experience goes. The only two ladies I have known who tried a small London boarding house lost all their little capital, and suffered indescribable anxiety in addition, while an equally inexperienced lady known to me did very well indeed with a boarding house in New York. Boarding houses kept by English ladies seem to answer very well in continental cities, in Rome, Paris, etc., and I have been told that there is an obvious opening for such in Athens at present. For any such undertaking anywhere some capital, general good health, and much hope and courage are indispensable.

PERSONAL

Pilgrim.—There are many Homes for Gentlewomen who are possessed of a little income. The Frithville Homes, 57 The Grove, Hammersmith, London, receive suitable ladies possessed of not less than £20 per annum, and not more than £40. The Westbourne Park Home for Gentlewomen, Shrewsbury Road, Westbourne Park, accommodates ladies with an assured income of not more than £50 and not less than £20 per annum. Applicants must be members of the Church of England. The Luther Memorial Home for poor Protestant ladies (who must be over fifty years of age, and possess an income of £25 to £50) is at 120 Ledbury Road, Bayswater. Then there are in the provinces, St. Paul's, Fisherton, Salisbury (Mr. F. Attwood's endowment), for gentlewomen, either widows or spinsters of upwards of fifty years of age, but these must have been resident within the diocese of Salisbury for five years; the Abbott's Trustees' Ladies' Home, Skircoat, Halifax, Yorkshire, which provides residence for twelve ladies over fifty, possessed of not less than £20 per annum, grants annuities to certain ladies not resident in the Homes; the Huggens College, Northfleet, Kent, receives both ladies and gentlemen of over sixty years of age, with incomes of not more than £20; and the Home for Gentlewomen, Park Bank, Higher Broughton, Manchester, is for gentlewomen over forty, possessing an income of £20 to £50. Most provincial Homes require local connexions on the part of the applicant. In addition to these Homes, there are various others for widows only, for widows and daughters of clergy, and for widows of naval or military officers.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

The Fireside Club

A NEW COMPETITION

PRO AND CON ESSAYS

We invite members of the Club to send us their opinions *pro* and *con* various questions to be given here, from time to time during the winter. Our first subject of debate is, *That railroads and the penny post have done more harm than good*. Essays, limited to 800 words each, must reach the Editor by December 1, marked outside "Fireside Club, *pro* and *con*." For the two best papers, one on each side of the question, money prizes of *Half-a-Guinea* each will be awarded. Avoid flourishes and commonplaces, and pack your essays with the strongest arguments you can find, *pro* or *con*.

TENNYSON AS A NATURE POET

I.—SOME COLOUR STUDIES.

1. "Black walls of yew."
2. "A coppice gemmed with green and red."
3. "Yon orange sunset waning slow."
4. "Tender curving lines of creamy spray."
5. "The bracken rusted on the crags."
6. "The blue unclouded weather."
7. "Bramble roses faint and pale."
8. "The green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather."
9. "White against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows."
10. "The twinkling laurel scattered silver lights."
11. "The golden Autumn woodland."
12. "Sheets of hyacinth
That seemed the heavens upbreking through
the earth."

A prize of the value of Five Shillings is offered for the first correct answer tracing all these passages.

For earliest answer to Posies from Poetry, No. III., the prize is awarded to E. E. TRUSTED, Coburg, Lewes.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: M. BATESON'S *Medieval England*, T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. W. A. WHITE'S *Court of Boyville*, Ward, Lock and Co., 3s. 6d. H. G. PHILPOTT'S *London at School*, T. Fisher Unwin, 6s. *Noctes Ambrosiana*, new and abridged edition, Isbister, 3s. 6d.

Miss Bateson's volume on *Medieval England* (from 1066—1350) is, we consider, unsurpassed in interest by any of its predecessors in the *Story of the Nations Series*. Her object has been, she tells us, to keep social rather than political facts in view, and to give characteristic details from contemporary accounts, since "in the medieval Englishman's domesticity, there is an epitome of the life of the

nation." Miss Bateson's research and careful collation of records has enabled her to give her readers a very picture-book of life and manners in the great centuries she has chosen to illustrate. We see Henry I. reorganising the expenses of his household—limiting his chancellor's daily allowance of bread, wine and candles, and fixing how many loaves the Court bakers must make from a given quantity of flour. As a private connoisseur we learn that he collected jewels and plate, as well as a menagerie of wild animals. King John lent as well as gathered books, of which the names are still on record. The artistic tastes which made Henry II. take an interest in the interior decorations of the splendid castles and palaces he built were markedly developed in Henry III., who loved to choose designs for painted windows, embroidered banners, and wall decorations, such as the history of Antioch in the great hall at the Tower, the story of Alexander in the Queen's chamber at Nottingham, or the design of "Winter, with a sad countenance" for her mantelpiece in another palace. Many minute descriptions of the homes, food, clothing and habits of all classes of the people are given—besides actual records of the working of manor courts, schools, monasteries, and farm and village life—while the illustrations, chiefly from contemporary sources, are numerous and interesting. Miss Bateson's book cannot fail of her purpose in making those who read it

"realise that in some respects our ancestors were great where we are small. When the list of their greatest conceptions is made out, it may well seem that there were giants in the land in those days, compared with whom we are but pigmies. Much that they conceived and built we can only admire and imitate. Though our knowledge, and much that we consider essential to our world, did not belong to them; yet our institutions are for the most part of their shaping."

The *Court of Boyville*, in spite of its somewhat affected name, is a sound and racy study of boys and their ways, and Piggy Pennington, who ruled all the other boys in the village of Willow Creek, is as genuine a fellow as Tom Sawyer himself. Bud Perkins the orphan, who, being adopted by a kindly spinster, does not thereafter turn out either bad or good to any unnatural extent; Harold Jones the milksop, commonly called Mealy; Jimmy Sears, always foredoomed to get into scrapes; Abe Carpenter, and other subsidiary folk, are all satisfactory to read of and imagine such further adventures for, as we hope Mr. White may some day incline to relate.

The London School Board has found an able historian in one of its own scholars, Mr. H. B. Philpott, whose recent volume, *London at School*, is very good reading. The scope and limitations, the difficulties and triumphs of the work done by the Board during its thirty-three busy years of existence are illustrated in many details from the working of its differing schools, whether ordinary, infant, evening, industrial, art, truant, schools for the blind or the deaf, for the mentally or for the physically defective.

Mr. Philpott abundantly proves "that the surest path to all social reform lies through the child." The stories of those who have climbed the

The Fireside Club

educational ladder from depths of ignorance and want to happy and intelligent citizenship, are interesting from beginning to end. The book is well fitted for reading aloud, indeed to young and old alike it may be heartily commended, as up-to-date, true to life, and more absorbing than a score of novels.

Messrs. Isbister have done well to include the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in their current series of Standard Abridgments. These are the imaginary conversations of a group of boon companions, Homeric in the stature of their minds, as in the nature of their feasts (amazingly substantial dinners these, linked by successive libations to suppers that saw the sun up). John Wilson, a distinguished Oxonian, and afterwards for thirty years Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, contributed these symposia to the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine* in its most famous days. The little group of table-talkers included himself and two or three friends of whom the best known was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. All, and Hogg in particular, were sublimated to more than mortal brilliancy by the whimsical genius of Wilson, or Christopher North as he called himself, who allotted to the Shepherd in these conversations the lion's share of poetic eloquence, discursive humour, and happy characterisation of the moment's topic. The variety of subject is as remarkable in this book as the vitality of treatment, "the great charm of conversation," as the Shepherd observes, "is being aff on ony wind that blaws." Thus, opening the book at random, we find in the seventeen pages of Chapter X. the following diverse matters discoursed of by easy and natural transitions—true friendship ("we maun like ane anither whether we wull or no—an' that's the sort o' friendship for me—for it flourishes, like a

mountain flower, in all weathers—braid and bricht in the sunshine and just faulded up a wee in the aleet, sae that it micht maist be thocht dead, but fu' o' life in its cozy bield ahint the mossy stane, and peering out again in a' its beauty, at the sang o' the rising laverock"). Next comes the question of a future state; of the poetical sound of the word cemetery ("for a wee short simple, stiff, stern, dour, and fearsome word commend me to the 'Grave'"); the daily death-rate; the art of candle snuffing; the first use to be made of a fortune; card-playing; a public execution; the best cheese for Welsh-rabbit; the drying-up of little mountain springs in summer; Scotch tunes; the nature of grief; ordinary observers; the exquisite happiness of young love; the disenchantment wrought by death; the action of frost on whisky; speculation as to the disembodied state ("I sometimes wunner how the warld will gang on when I'm dead. It's no vanity, or ony notion that I gar the wheels o' the warld work, that makes me think sae, but just an incapacity to separate my life from the rest o' creation. Suns settin' and risin', and me no there to glower!"); and finally, the inefficiency of living poets. The book has been skilfully abridged by Joanna Scott Moncrieff, a grandniece of the author's. Her instinct in selecting all that has enduring power to charm and interest the modern reader from the somewhat redundant conviviality of the dialogues as they originally stood, is as happy as it is unobtrusive, while four brief introductory prefaces by various hands, and a table of dates, supply all information requisite for the thorough appreciation of this remarkable book.

Also received: Rev. J. KELMAN's *Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*, second edition, Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 6s. *Guy's Hospital Nursing Guide*, Ash and Co., 2s. 6d.



Photo by

STOKESAY CASTLE, SHROPSHIRE

Rev. H. S. Anson

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS IN PRIZES

ABBREVIATIONS COMPETITION

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT"

THIS is an age of hurry; in every department of life, time-saving is the first law. There is even a tendency to compress our literature within its lowest possible limits. Short stories are all the rage: essays are more popular than long treatises, and in spoken as well as in written language initials take the place of words. For instance, no one would dream of referring to "The Society for the Suppression of Italian Organ-Grinders" excepting as "S.S.I.O.G." We intend during the next three months to give 100 selected abbreviations, and we offer 30 prizes amounting to **Ten Guineas** in all to those of our readers who most successfully interpret them. The abbreviations will be taken from every possible source.

CONDITIONS (for Abbreviations Competition only).

1. Only a single sheet of paper must be used, and only one side must be written upon.
2. The name and address of the competitor must appear at the head of the sheet.
3. Initials must not be repeated. Only the number of the problem must be given, followed by the solution, *e. g.*, No. 1, Russian Topographical Society (or, whatever it may be), and so on.
4. Papers must be sent in month by month addressed to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.
5. Envelopes must have the letters A.C. plainly written in the left-hand top corner.

6. The last day for receiving the first papers from competitors living in Europe will be December 1, 1904.

Colonial and other competitors living beyond Europe will be allowed two months' extension of time.

List No. 1.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. R.T.S. | 16. R.N.R. |
| 2. W. | 17. L.R.C.P. |
| 3. D.A.A.G. | 18. C.P. |
| 4. A.B.C. | 19. R.M.L.I. |
| 5. P.M. | 20. N.D.L. |
| 6. P.M. | 21. D.S.O. |
| 7. I.b.w. | 22. C.E.T.S. |
| 8. P.P.C. | 23. M.C.C. |
| 9. G.C.S.I. | 24. C.O.D. |
| 10. N.S.P.C.C. | 25. P.C. (title). |
| 11. N.S.W. | 26. D.Sc. |
| 12. C.M.S. | 27. R.S.V.P. |
| 13. O.H.M.S. | 28. E.C. |
| 14. M.R. (not a title). | 29. C.U.B.C. |
| 15. A.R.A. | 30. L.M.S. |

N.B.—In cases where abbreviations do duty for more than one name or phrase, equal credit will be given for any recognised interpretation. As the lists given will be as comprehensive as possible, intending competitors are advised not to be discouraged because they are unable to unravel all the problems presented.

ESSAYS

ESSAY ON "SHOULD PARTY GOVERNMENT BE ABOLISHED?"

First Prize, **One Guinea**; Two Second Prizes, **Half-a-Guinea** each.

ART

THE BEST ORIGINAL BLACK-AND-WHITE DRAWING.

[The drawing to be a portrait or a figure from life. The prize drawings to be the property of *The Leisure Hour*.]

First Prize, **Three Guineas**; Second Prize, **Two Guineas**.

NEEDLEWORK

(A) BEST BED-JACKET FOR INVALID.

First Prize, *Italian Pictures*, 30s.; Second Prize, *Victoria, R.I.*, 10s. 6d.

(B) BEST KNITTED MUFFLER.

First Prize, *Pictures from Holland*, 25s.; Second Prize, *Pictures of Southern China*, 10s. 6d.

(C) BEST PAIR CUFFS OR MITTENS, KNITTED OR CROCHET, ANY SIZE, WITH OR WITHOUT THUMB-HOLES.

First Prize, *In Scripture Lands*, 15s.; Second Prize, *Driftwood, A Story*, 5s.

N.B.—All articles sent in this department will be given to workers in the poorest districts of London,

for distribution among the deserving poor. *In no case will any article be returned.*

POSTCARDS

Best postcard on "MY FAVOURITE NEW BOOK," with reasons for the choice.

First Prize, a 5s. book; Two Second Prizes, a 3s. 6d. book each.

RULES

1. Our readers may compete for as many of the prizes as they please, but not more than one prize will be awarded to one competitor. Prize-winners of last twelve months ineligible in the same department this year.

2. Every competitor, except those in the Postcard Competitions, must cut out the *Eisteddfod Ticket* given on Contents page of advertisements, fill in the number of the competition, and fasten the ticket to the outside of the envelope containing competition.

3. A separate Ticket will be required for each competition. *No other matter must be included.*

4. Essays must be on foolscap, one side only, and must not occupy more than four of such pages.

5. For the Postcard Competition the latest date is November 8, 1904; for Essays, December 3; Art and Needlework, December 17.

6. All competitions must be addressed to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

7. *No Essay or other contribution will be returned, even if stamps are sent.*

Our Chess Page

New Programme

WITH this number a New Year of *The Leisure Hour* begins. The Chess Page will appear regularly as heretofore, and all the most popular features will be preserved. During the year **Three Solving Competitions** will be given—each to run four months. For these competitions **Nine Guineas in Prizes** will be offered. Also a **Gold** and a **Silver Medal** will be presented to the two solvers who have been most successful during the whole year. Previous medalists will be barred, but should the work of any one of them be superior to that of the winners, a certificate to that effect will be awarded. Neither will any solver be allowed to take more than one first prize (or its equivalent) in the three minor competitions.

A certain number of correspondents request us to send them particulars of forthcoming competitions. We may say that the Chess Page is not run on philanthropic lines. All particulars of competitions are to be found in *The Leisure Hour*, which is published monthly at the price of sixpence.

In January next a new **Problem Tourney** will be announced, with Substantial Prizes.

In all competitions only one side of the paper must be written upon, and each sheet must be headed with the name and address of the sender.

Proposed Correspondence Match.—We shall be happy to arrange for a team of eight or twelve players if we receive a challenge from any one of our contemporaries.

Brilliant Games.—A prize of One Guinea is offered to the winner of the best original specimen played between Nov. 1 and April 30. The score must be in the English notation, and all particulars must be given.

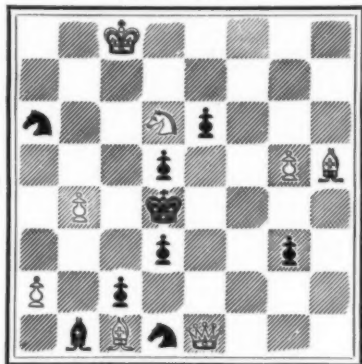
SOLVING TOURNEY NO. I.

(Prizes Three Guineas.)

Here are the first two problems, both of which were submitted in our last Problem Tourney. Solutions must be sent in before December 14, 1904.

1. *Pitracus!* By ANTONIO CORRIAS.

BLACK—9 MEN

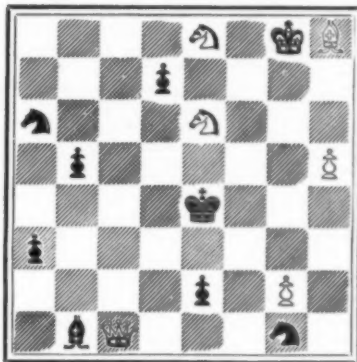


WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

2. *Sub sole.* By MAXIMILIAN FEIGL.

BLACK—8 MEN



WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

Solutions (key moves only)—

- H. *The Society Idol*, R—Q 6.
- I. *Taraban*, Kt—K 6.
- J. *Leopardi*, R—Kt 3.

Solutions received from—

- A. G.—COLONEL FORBES.
- A B and D. G.—S. W. FRANCIS, GEORGE J. SLATER.
- A and D. G.—FRANK W. ATCHINSON, GILBERT BREAKWELL, A. J. HEAD, WILLIAM HORN.
- A E F.—HERBERT STRONG.
- C. G.—R. G. THOMSON, ROGER J. WRIGHT.
- C D and G.—DUNCAN PIRNIE.
- D. G.—E. THOMPSTONE, J. A. ROBERTS, and J. D. TUCKER.
- D E F.—ISABEL R. THOMAS.
- A C and D. G.—W. MEARS.
- F and G.—E. ATFIELD, H. BALSON, EUGENE HENRY, PERCY OSBORN.
- B (composer's solution only) D E and F.—H. W. HOLLAND (S. India).

The following did not discover the cook in Problem B: F. W. ATCHINSON, G. BREAKWELL, A. J. HEAD, W. HORN, W. MEARS, H. STRONG.

The following discovered that Problem C, as printed, was unsound, but, unlike five other competitors, they did not give the three possible solutions: S. W. FRANCIS, A. J. HEAD, W. HORN, G. J. SLATER, H. STRONG, ISABEL THOMAS, and R. G. THOMPSTONE. To those who gave only one solution, and pronounced the problem to be a very fine one, less credit can be given!

Retractor Competition.—We regret that, for want of space, we are obliged to hold over until next month solutions and the names of solvers.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.



THE SHRUBBERY, DARJEELING

Sir John Woodburn's Official Residence (from a sketch)

(See page 54.)

Van Houten's Cocoa



**THE BEST JUDGES
USE NO OTHER**

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The officially recognised organ for State-aided Education.
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Annually). Price 2s.; cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

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London Education Act, 1903. Price 6d.

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remaining after the total and partial repeals
enacted by the Education Act, 1902. Price 1s.

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Teachers** (TEACHERS' CODE). Price 6d.

No. 13.—**New Regulations for Secondary
Schools** (THE SECONDARY SCHOOL CODE).
Price 6d.

No. 15.—**New Regulations for Evening Schools,
Technical Institutions, and School of
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BOVRIL

[Face Matter.]

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'OF ALL THE DISCOVERIES WHICH MEN NEED MAKE, THE MOST IMPORTANT AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IS THAT OF THE SELF-FORMING POWER TREASURED UP IN THEMSELVES,' viz.:



'SOW AN ACT AND YOU REAP A CHARACTER, SOW A CHARACTER AND YOU REAP UNAVOIDABLE FATE!' Or in other words, you may gather the Honey of Wisdom only by obedience to Natural Laws. Read the 20-page Pamphlet given with each Bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' How to Prevent Suffering and Disease by Natural Laws. It is the province of character to adapt circumstances to noble results. Then dare to be wise, as ill health is the first step to Disease and Short Life!

SUCH IS HUMAN LIFE, SO GLIDING ON:
IT GLIMMERS LIKE A METEOR, AND IS GONE!

MORAL FOR ALL:

"I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

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The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Disordered, Sleepless, or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an unsurpassed one.

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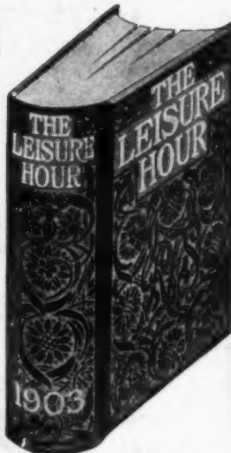
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